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THE ITALIAN DRAMA

If life were nothing but a spectacle, we could ask for nothing more exciting than the war in Italy. It has exhausted in a fortnight all the possibilities of drama. The landing on the mainland, the capitulation of Germany's chief ally, the surrender of the Fleet, and then the violent swing of the pendulum with the flight of Badoglio and the King from Rome, the rescue of the Duce, and the doubtful battle on the beaches at Salerno. These are only the salient points of the landscape on which the shifting limelight falls. But the whole peninsula is in motion. In the South, British troops occupy swiftly and methodically against slight resistance Taranto, Brindisi and Bari. In the North the powerful German armies occupy most of the historic cities of the Lombard plain. But is that all that is happening there? It is probable that some of the more decidedly Fascist officials and generals are rallying round the rescued Duce and it may be that a few battalions of the Blackshirt Militia have placed themselves under his orders. But what concerns us most is the posture of the popular forces. In Milan, Turin and many another town they had burned their boats and ventured into the open. At first they risked their necks for peace. Then they rose for freedom. But now they are fighting for their lives. Here is the heaviest of the several anxieties that beset us. The best men of this nation, thoroughly compromised by what they ventured to do, are now exposed to the Nazi firing squads with the bloodhounds of the Gestapo and Ovra at their heels. They are fighting, if we may believe the German wireless, in the desperate hope of winning arms, and so are some formations of the Italian regular army. They are described, according to Dr. Goebbels' habit, as "communists," which only means that he seeks to discredit them. The comradeship among all the six parties which have united to recover freedom and self respect will stand this test. That they are struggling boldly in the open is the best news which has reached us in these two dramatic weeks.

That is the pageant which unrolls itself before our eyes. How in this complicated tangle will the United Nations react? The key to it all may lie on the beaches at Salerno. It may be that General Eisenhower, who anticipated too much resistance at Reggio, anticipated too little at Salerno. The Germans are there in strength, and they may be able to collect further reinforcements by land more rapidly than we can despatch them by sea. Veterans of the Eighth Army are hurrying to relieve their less seasoned comrades, but they have a long way to go over mined roads. The Germans chose wisely when they decided to fight round Naples and not in the "boot" of the peninsula. They have behind them relatively good and short communications and they may compel us to turn this Italian incident into our major campaign. It may even assume the dimensions of a Second Front. This may suit the Russians, but was it what we had planned? Will it not interfere with landings elsewhere which looked much more promising? It is too early to speculate and much too early to criticise. General Eisenhower may be able to adapt his plans to an unforeseen emergency. Our airmen may be able to save the situation. So long as our men can keep their precarious foothold on the shores of the Gulf, we have the right to hope for a favourable turn to the battle. In any event we have the satisfaction that big German forces, which may now exceed the 20 divisions of recent estimates, have been drawn to Italy to fight on the defensive.

We feel less hesitation in asking questions about the politics of this singular campaign. The Germans have shown a sounder instinct than our own leaders in realising their importance. They have also grasped the uses of the air in adventures that succeed by surprise. They understood that it was vital to occupy Rome. They rescued Mussolini by a method which we might have used at an earlier stage to deliver Herriot and Léon Blum from captivity. Our High Command put its trust in Badoglio and the King. In a sense they were justified in doing so, for these two were prepared from the start to do what has rarely been done in history—to fight against a former ally. That offer was rejected perhaps because it would have tied our hands at the settlement, but chiefly, we suppose, because we set small value on the Italian army. If that was our reason, the decision was wise. It turned out that when the Germans began their attack on Rome, Badoglio lacked either the spirit or the authority to defend it, though his available troops must have outnumbered the Germans many times over. Little use could be made of this demoralised army under any of its former commanders. If the King and Badoglio are now fugitives in our lines, they will be rather a liability than an asset. Few Italians will heed them and none will risk anything to follow them.

It is more than ever clear that Italian manhood can be rallied only by the leaders of the Liberals and the Left. It is only upon the workers of Turin and Milan, who did so much to upset Mussolini, and their comrades throughout the North, that we can rely for substantial aid in winning Italy from the Germans. But if we expect them to risk their lives, we must not try to impose on them a King whom they despise and a Premier whom they distrust. They have some spirited leaders of their own. If we ask for more experience than they may possess, there are the veterans whom we have forbidden to cross the Atlantic, notably Count Sforza. The struggle for Italy will be harder than may have been foreseen. It would be fatal to abandon it, even if other campaigns looked more promising. The other enslaved peoples are watching us and they will judge our loyalty to them by the concern we now show for the Italian popular forces. They have their organisation, which has happily united all the anti-Fascist groups, from the Catholics and the Liberals to the Socialists and Communists. The best thing we can now do is to recognise it, to back it and give it with full publicity every reasonable assurance it needs. It lacks arms. It is isolated. It may have wounded and aged leaders to care for. By a bold use of the resources of the air we could keep in touch with it and supply its needs. But the first essential is to realise that in it, and not in the time-servers round Badoglio, we have our only worthy and reliable ally. With good organisation and some technical help it could at least disrupt the German communications. These

short supply lines are the one advantage our enemy possesses—these and his bold imagination. Everything else is on our side—our material resources, our numbers and the subject peoples of Europe. We have two dangerous enemies: the Germans and our own conservative timidity.

The Eastern Front

With the fall of Bryansk coinciding with an impressive Russian break-through along the axes of the Konotop-Kiev and Konotop-Kremenchug railways, the shape of things to come on the Eastern Front becomes more clearly discernible. It is now evident that the Germans, under-rating the ability of the Red Army to maintain the impetus of its counter-offensive, endeavoured too long to hold on to the Donetz basin. When the success of the Russian thrust westwards through Stalino disintegrated the defences of the Donbas salient, it became necessary for the enemy at all costs to prevent the Russian forces based on Kharkov cutting the Lozovaya—Kiev railway until the German divisions in the Northern sector of the Donetz Basin had been extricated; otherwise, the alternative line of retreat through Dniepropetrovsk and Zaporozhe would have become perilously congested. Reinforcement, however, of the sector covering the railway running west from Lozovaya through Krasnograd and Poltava appears to have been effected only at the cost of weakening the armies located east of the Desna between Bryansk and Kiev. Profiting by this weakness, the Russians are now sweeping in a south-westerly direction over the area between the Desna and Sula Rivers, with the object evidently of reaching the line of the Dnieper between Kiev and Kremenchug. The rate of their advance in this direction renders it doubtful whether the Germans can hope to hold any ground east of the middle Dnieper above Zaporozhe; and the loss of that junction would seriously compromise their communications with the Crimea. On the Central Front, the capture of Bryansk appears to have been the result of the Russian success in forcing the line of the Desna south of the city, while, farther north, still, the enemy are being pushed back in the direction of Roslavl on the Bryansk—Smolensk railway. With Bryansk gone and Smolensk in danger of being turned into yet another vulnerable salient, it seems questionable whether the Germans can find a line of resistance east of the upper Dnieper between Kiev and the bend at Orsha and thence northwards in front of the railway through Vitebsk to Nevel.

U.S.A. and International Co-operation

As the United States Congress meets again after the summer recess, there is intense discussion about the foreign policy and international relations of America. That these are almost certain to be the outstanding issues, both in Congress and in the Presidential campaigns, is shown by the attention that leading Republicans such as Governor Dewey and Mr. Willkie have recently devoted to them. Now Mr. Cordell Hull has thought it opportune to intervene. The apparent conversion of certain Republican circles to some form of international co-operation in peace, as in war, must add to the confusion that is caused by the absence of a sharp division between the parties about these questions. Mr. Hull has therefore thought it necessary to reassert the principles upon which he and the President seek to base the foreign policy of their country. He was wise to base his appeal for post-war collaboration upon grounds of American self-interest, for his opponents would find an easy target in proposals founded upon pure philanthropy or idealism. "Post-war co-operation to maintain the peace," as he so truly said, "is scarcely less essential for self-preservation than is the present co-operative effort to win the war." He carefully avoided any suggestion of specific commitments at this stage. American opinion is far too fluid and the attitude of Congress so uncertain that to do so would have undermined any chance the President may have of canalising opinion along the lines laid down by his Secretary of State. But it seems inevitable that full battle will soon be joined over the degree of American participation in the post-war world, and it is well if the main issues can be kept clearly before the public, without prejudice and without hysteria.

Mr. Wallace Speaks Out on Cartels

Mr. Wallace, though still Vice-President, is out of favour in these days, and his powerful attack on international cartels cannot be regarded as in any way committing the United States Government. Mr. Roosevelt, who almost certainly sympathises with it, is being very careful in these days to give Big Business no fresh hurdles against him—and will presumably go on being careful until the stage is fully set for the next presidential election. American Cabinet Ministers have, of course, very much more latitude than Ministers over here in speaking their minds, without being regarded as committing the Government as a whole; and it probably suits Mr. Roosevelt very well that his Vice-President, instead of lying down under his recent dismissal from his war office, should go gunning for some of the public enemies of America and world democracy. The charges made by Mr. Wallace were not new; but they had not been made previously with anything like the same authority. In some, Mr. Wallace accused American Big Business of deliberately smothering the American synthetic rubber industry in pursuance of an agreement with the German I. G. Farben group which gave them a monopoly of certain synthetic petrol processes in exchange. Such a plot ought to be thoroughly shocking to our ear, even without taking account of the fact that it was persisted in after the outbreak of war. It *is* shocking; and yet we have got so accustomed to this sort of thing that we have come almost to take such scandals for granted. When will the world learn that international economic arrangements are inevitable under twentieth-century technical conditions, and that the practical choice lies between taking the key industries under effective Government control and handing the world over to be the prey of predatory monopolies which cannot afford to regard patriotism or the welfare of common men?

A Scheme for Post-war Industry

The National Union of Boot and Shoe Operatives is, we believe, the first Trade Union to present to the employers in its industry a draft plan for the future structure of the industry and the future relations between Capital and Labour within it. This plan, while declaring in favour of public ownership, is based on a recognition that the boot and shoe industry cannot hope to be high up on the list of industries scheduled for nationalisation and that it is therefore necessary to work out transitional plans based on the survival of private ownership. On this assumption the Union demands for its members a system of guaranteed full employment, security for old age, and a month's holiday with pay, as well as standard living wages and a working week related to the demands made on the industry under a system of planned production. It demands the elimination of restrictive monopolies, such as the control now existing over the supply of machinery, limitation of distributed profits, and workers' participation in control both nationally and locally. For the government of the industry it proposes an Industrial Board, with a full-time chairman appointed and paid by the State, and made up of equal numbers of employers' and workers' representatives together with others chosen by the State to represent the public interest. The Board would be made responsible, subject to ultimate State control, for fixing prices and margins, for eliminating monopoly and determining the allocation of profits, and for organising "the continuance of the production of a high percentage of utility footwear of the highest possible quality." This proposal closely resembles the scheme put forward a few months ago by the Nuffield College Conference on Post-war Industrial Organisation. It rests on the belief that State control can be so combined with industrial self-government by employers' and workers' representatives as successfully to combat the danger of anti-social monopolies while getting the advantages of planned production and marketing. If there is a feasible half-way house between Capitalism and Socialisation, this is probably the shape it will have to take.

Re-sorting Man-power

The recent speeches of Mr. Lyttelton and Mr. Bevin point to the imminence of considerable further changes in the distribution of industrial man-power. The coal mines are said to need at once 30,000 fresh recruits from other industries, and probably another 20,000 later on, merely in order to make good wastage and prevent output from falling further still. In the munitions industries further shifts are being made, mainly in the direction of increasing production for the Navy and Air Force at the expense of production for the Army—a shift which seems strange if we are on the eve of really large-scale land operations in Europe. It is, of course, easy to understand that the demand for supplies for use in tropical desert warfare is now falling off sharply, and even that there may be accumulated surpluses of equipment for such warfare. But does the shift mean that we have already provided our armies with most of what they will need for prolonged land warfare on the European continent—or, if not, what does it mean? It can hardly indicate the outcome of a division of labour between Great Britain and the United States; for we do not gather that the Americans are preparing to shoulder the main responsibility for the land war in Europe. British and Canadian—not American—forces have led the way into Italy. It looks very much as if our production programme is to be based more than ever on the mass production of bombing planes, and as if we were not expecting land campaigns that would use up very vast quantities of equipment. Whatever the explanation, the change-over is bound to mean a good deal of dislocation of employment while it is being carried through. We are assured that, wherever possible, the jobs will be brought to the workers rather than the workers sent to the jobs, and that some attempt will be made to reduce the pressure on certain grossly overworked and overcrowded areas. That is to the good, but there is bound to be discontent where workers find themselves either uprooted again or left temporarily idle while the factories are being reorganised. There ought to be the fullest and most candid explanations locally in the affected places, in addition to the necessarily general speeches made by the Ministers chiefly concerned.

The Problem of Reinstatement

It has been evident almost from the beginning that the pledges of reinstatement given to men called up for the Forces would prove to be unworkable in their existing form, and also that the anomaly which excludes volunteers would have to be rectified. Mr. Bevin has now announced both that volunteers are to be covered by the pledge, and that the general question is to be taken up with a view to devising a workable arrangement. How this can be done it is not at all easy to see. Where several substitutes have been called up in succession there will be several persons entitled to return to the same job; where firms have first expended their labour force to deal with war contracts and have then had a number of their war workers called up, there will be claims to return to jobs which, after the war, are unlikely to exist at all; where firms have ceased to exist or have become amalgamated with others, or have radically changed the character of their production, endless difficulties will arise. In quite a large number of cases, no doubt, reinstatement will be practicable, and will occur; but for many of those now on national service the only guarantees that are really workable are that the State will follow a policy of "full employment"—that is, of ensuring that there shall be enough jobs to go round—and that men who are out of work for a spell shall be treated at least as decently as is recommended in the Beveridge Report.

THE TRADE UNIONS LOOK FORWARD

LAST week's Trades Union Congress was encouraging in more than one respect. It is above all good to have scotched the misleading impression left by the Labour Party Conference that the Labour movement has gone "Vansittartite." It never had; and but for mistakes of tactics by opponents of Vansittartism at the Labour Party Conference no such illusion would have been created. There are individual trade union leaders who have been unwise enough to associate themselves with propaganda directed against the whole German people; but they do not represent the general feeling. We can say this now with confidence; and it is a very satisfactory thing to be able to say.

Throughout this year's Congress there was manifest a feeling that the end of the war is near enough for it to be high time for the Trade Unions to be ready for it. It is indeed high time. To begin only now to consider the Trade Union policy for the reorganisation of the principal industries and for the adaptation of Trade Union structure to the post-war tasks of the movement is better late than never, but is appallingly late in the day. That it is now intended to tackle the first of these jobs on so large a scale as to call for the payment of a special affiliation fee from each constituent union, sounds as if the T.U.C. means business; but even if the money is available, it can hardly be easy at this stage of the war to get the right men to undertake the work. True, the Government does not appear to be far on with its own plans; but though it has proposed practically nothing up to the present, both it and the big employers' associations have done a great deal of preliminary surveying of the field, and have a good many projects ready in their pigeon-holes. The Trade Unions will have to make good speed and to get the best possible advice in framing their own plans if they are not to be after the fair.

As for Trade Union reorganisation, who can possibly expect rapid progress in that field? The immense anomaly in present Trade Union structure is that there are two vast Unions—the General and Municipal Workers and the Transport and General Workers—which over a wide range of industries, including nearly all the metal and engineering trades, both compete with each other and overlap quite illogically with such bodies as the Amalgamated Engineering Union. These two Unions, with Mr. Bevin and Mr. Dukes at their head, have in many respects done excellent work. But they have inevitably become vested interests; and, as long as they exist in their present form, it is impossible for either the metal and engineering or the transport industries to be organised on industrial lines. Those Trade Unionists who are out for a share in the control of industry for the workers—for example, through the post-war development of the wartime Joint Production Committees—see very clearly the need for some form of industrial unionism for this purpose. They would like a Trade Union "New Deal" which would re-sort the workers into bodies corresponding more closely to the units through which production and marketing policy are decided. But the T.U.C. itself is so sharply divided on this issue that it seems most likely the proposed committee of investigation will be able to achieve much practical result. Trade Unionism will emerge into the post-war period with its essential structure pretty well what it is now; and it would be foolish to make any other assumption a basis for the foundation of policy.

This is unfortunate; but it is not fatal. Unions will learn to work closely together without complete amalgamation; and that is what, in practice, they must attempt to do. Evidently, if the Unions are seeking more "control" and more influence in the formulation of economic policy, it is of the first importance that closer links should be forged between the Unions of manual workers and supervisory and technical employees. This is already a very lively issue in connection with the demand that technicians and supervisers shall be represented on the Joint Production Committees; and there is clearly a tussle ahead over the claim of the "blackcoat" Unions to full recognition from the employers and to the right to join forces in negotiations with the manual workers. Most of the employers' bodies have fought hard against these claims ever since they were put forward during and after the last war. The post-war slump was then so destructive of the strength of the blackcoat organisations that in most cases the employers won an easy victory. But to-day Trade Unionism is a good deal more deeply rooted among many classes of supervisers and scientific workers; and obviously now is the time for establishing a really close alliance and insisting on full recognition of collective rights. To a certain extent, the battle over the affiliation rights of the Civil Service Unions raises the same issue; for they include a very large black-coated element. But there is in this case also the vital question of Trade Union rights in any industries or services that may pass under common ownership after the war. If the coal mines or the railways, or the banks or the insurance business were nationalised, would the workers in any or all of these groups lose their connection with the Trade Union movement? If not, why should the postal workers be denied such a connection now? Although, in deference to the Labour Party hesitations, the T.U.C. has withdrawn its direct challenge to the Government on this issue, it was pretty plain last week that feelings are running high, and will run much higher if the Tory reactionaries are allowed any longer to maintain their veto.

On this and on other issues there were signs of much more Trade Union militancy than there has been since 1926: and the General Council had to take two or three rebuffs, and even to agree to withdraw the famous "Black Circular" banning Communists in the Trade Unions from association with the local Trades Councils. This has always been an absurd ban, and it is an excellent thing that a breach has at length been made in the *cordon sanitaire* created by the T.U.C. as a defence against Communism and everything suspected of any Communist taint. It was the better, coming on top of an appallingly reactionary speech from the fraternal delegate sent by the American Federation of Labour. It was, however, unfortunate that circumstances made impossible at this year's Congress any effective challenge to the General Council's policy of treating the A.F. of L. as the sole representative of American Labour, and refusing to have any dealings with the C.I.O. without the A.F. of L.'s consent. This issue got overlaid by the larger issue raised by the Soviet Trade Union, with their double demand for a pronouncement in favour of a real Second Front and for the enlargement of the British-Soviet Trade Union Committee to include the Trade Union movements of all the United Nations and also of the occupied European countries. The news from Italy, aided by a false rumour of a landing in France, washed out the debate on the Second Front after Sir Walter Citrine had made a telling speech refusing to commit the T.U.C. to a demand on which only military experts are in a position finally to pronounce. This was inevitable as things turned out; but it was surely a pity to meet with a blank negative the Soviet demand for an extension of the Anglo-Soviet Committee. The precise extension asked for by the Soviet delegates may be impracticable; but there is surely a very strong case for creating now some sort of international Trade Union body which can set to work to ensure the restoration of Trade Unionism, and the giving to it of an effective voice, in territories that are liberated from Nazi occupation. It is of the greatest importance that in this matter the British and the Soviet Unions shall act together and not in opposition.

There were many other high lights in this year's Congress—the expected endorsement of the Beveridge Plan, Mr. Bevin's address on the difficult problems of reinstatement, the discussion of demobilisation problems, the demand for better assurances that the White Paper on education will be carried speedily and fully into effect, and many more. The main point, however, is not so much what the Congress did as that it showed manifest signs of being alive and of expecting its leaders to be ready for action when the moment comes. In this respect it was a good way ahead of the Labour Party Conference which met at Whitsun—no doubt mainly because the war situation has changed so rapidly since then. With the Trade Unions awake, the leaders of the Labour Party can afford less than ever to remain asleep, or to lag behind. Yet that, we fear, is still what many of them are inclined to do.

ANOTHER NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE

WATER supply for domestic and cleansing purposes—like its counterpart, domestic drainage—is a public health service. Only in so far as water is supplied for industrial use should the undertakings responsible for it be regarded as utilities. For some long time, therefore, there has been a demand that the operation of this vital service should be taken out of the hands of statutory companies and private estate developers and subjected to nation-wide control. Anyone who is not fortunate enough to live in an urban area will be conscious of the reluctance of such undertakings to extend reasonable amenities to rural populations. Yet the difficulty lies as much in the inefficient size of many municipal and company undertakings as in the higher costs of rural districts. Considerable adjustment and amalgamation is essential before there can be a national piped supply.

To provide the basis for such an extension two national surveys are necessary; one of the franchise and supply boundaries of each existing concern together with the sources from which they obtain their water, and the other of the potential and untapped sources of both surface and underground water. For this purpose the Government must set up either a central planning control, as envisaged in the Scott Report, or a water commission able to plan and administer the industry, as previous reports have proposed. Without such a control or commission neither survey can be undertaken; without the survey the water companies will continue to clog the process of nationalisation and extension.

What indications there are of Government intentions in this field are not encouraging. In 1939 the outbreak of war caused the abandonment of the Government's Water Undertakings Bill after it had already passed the House of Lords. Introduced at the request of the water undertakings, after many years of discussion, it was intended only to consolidate various enactments in water law dating back to the Act of 1847, which is still the foundation of most undertakings. But the bill went further than consolidation and offered considerable relief to business premises, and would have meant an increased burden upon householders. Other provisions consolidate and stabilise the position of company undertakings and the rights of property owners where they conflict with the development of a water supply. It was announced, when the Bill was withdrawn, that it would be revived after the war.

Certain concrete proposals for post-war changes — originating in official quarters — have been formulated behind the scenes. Their fate will provide a further indication of Government intentions. One of them provides for the immediate appointment of Water Commissioners, with powers analogous to those possessed by the Electricity Commission. Amongst other things their duties would be to inaugurate a survey of the present and future state of the nation's water resources, to demarcate suitable

areas for supply, and eventually administer the system they create. These supply areas should be defined on topographical and geological grounds, and would not, therefore, coincide with the Local Government areas, although their control should be in the hands of Joint Boards nominated by the local authorities concerned, after the model of the Metropolitan Water Board.

It is also desirable that the Commissioners should be responsible to the Minister of Town and Country Planning, and through him to Parliament, rather than to the restricted—perhaps restrictive—control of the Ministry of Health. But since water supply also concerns other departments—Food, Trade, Labour, Fuel and Power, Agriculture and Supply—some measure of independence for the Commissioners is essential.

The departments were officially asked for their views of these proposals. The Ministry of Health—no doubt unwilling to surrender what it holds without a fight—have adopted a curious tactic, almost, it would seem, as a counter-blast to this proposal. The Water Undertakings Bill has been hastily reintroduced, and, having quietly passed the Lords, is now unobtrusively elbowing its way through the Commons. When challenged as to the reason for this action, the Ministry first contended that it was a preliminary step to clear the way for further changes, not at that time specified. Even when inquiries were pressed by a deputation, only vague references to future legislation were obtained. It may, in fact, be found that this "preliminary step" will be used, as the passing of a Consolidation Act has been frequently used, as an argument against more changes for many years to come. The time now being devoted to the Water Undertakings Bill could be better spent in passing a Bill for the appointment of water commissioners. These could then examine the provisions of the present Bill in the light of a reorganised and extended service.

Water supply is an essential service which affects the life and health of the nation as much as its social and industrial activities, and there is a widespread recognition that it should be communally owned and controlled. If the Government are showing such pusillanimity in tackling even the preparatory steps to that end, it is indeed a sad augury of its intentions toward its bigger promises for the post-war world.

A LONDON DIARY

Henry Wallace's revelation about synthetic rubber confirms all the common man's suspicions. Here is the Vice-President of the United States, who cannot be called a Bolshevik and who certainly knows what happens behind the scenes, reminding us that the evidence of the Wall Street inquiry and the Arms Inquiry are not any less true or less relevant than they were before the war. Not only in America, but all over the world the common man makes the same discovery. He believes, and now he is all the more sure, that Breakages Ltd. and Undershaft and Lazarus have their international and personal arrangements which are merely interrupted from time to time by incidental wars in which the markets for the goods they supply are larger and more specialised than usual. He has long known these things in a vague way without being told so by Henry Wallace. When his suspicions grow too strong and the results of exploitation in war or poverty are too great, the common man becomes dangerous. Then the word goes round that the exploiter is the Jew or the someone else, and the Undershafts begin to finance the Hitlers, and the vicious circle begins again. Part of the game is to put up as politicians men who will say the things the common man believes, but who can be relied upon not to do anything very drastic when they achieve office by the common man's vote. But some politicians are honest men, and there are moments (after a war, for instance) when the danger to Big Business may be real. These are the common man's chance, and if Henry Wallace can use this chance he may yet be the greatest man of his generation. If he sticks to it and goes on telling the truth, we shall cease to hear that he is "starry-eyed" and begin to learn that he is "dangerous." Then I shall begin to be hopeful.

* * *

To treat the second front issue as if it were purely a matter of politics and not as also a highly difficult and technical question has always seemed to me the silliest form of propaganda imaginable—unless one regards as even sillier the parallel propaganda tendency to claim all victories as Russian even when they are actually achieved by British and American forces. I have always believed that one ought, as a lay critic, to point out the dangerous political arguments (used behind the scenes and in 1941, at least, blurted out in public) which told against synchronising the war on the west with the war on the eastern front. I need not list them again; they include the curiously obstinate "expert" argument in America and Britain to the effect that Russia was an unreliable and soon-to-be defeated ally, that it was in any case just as well for the Soviet Union to be badly "bled" and that the war must be won in America's good time, when the long-distance plans of Washington had reached maturity, and that these plans must not be changed because the Russians have proved so much more efficient than was expected. To say that these are evil influences in high places is the duty of responsible people. But to talk as if it was only lack of will that stopped some huge allied force just sailing across the channel and marching to Berlin is utterly foolish, and the sort of propaganda that must terribly recoil on the heads of those who use it. British and American lives are as important as Russian. Moscow has from time to time paid tribute to the value of the British and American share in the war, and the Kremlin at least realises that Britain fought for a dangerous year alone and that it was not until Hitler attacked Russia in 1941 that Russia even began to make a second front possible for Britain. The British seldom say much about this, but it is, and must be, in the back of their minds. Therefore the leading article that appeared in *Pravda*, on the surrender of Italy, was singularly inept. Perfectly true, of course, that the Russian war has weakened Germany and therefore prevented Germany from forcing Italy to remain in the war. But to say that is a very different thing from omitting altogether the Allied war in North Africa or the work of the British Navy and all the rest of the allied fight in the Mediterranean. The aggravation induced by all this was no doubt one of the causes of the reception given to Sir Walter Citrine's very able speech at the T.U.C., and of the almost unanimous support he received in his dispute with the *Daily Worker*.

* * *

I wrote the other day about the joy of finding the Lakes uninhabited except by people who appreciated them. I am told that this is a selfish individualism which disregards the common man's new enjoyment of the pleasures which used to be the preserve of the privileged. Let those who say this think again. I recall a much populated and yet quite unspoilt playground. Only just outside Stockholm you may sail among the countless wooded islands that make a kind of story-book holiday place; you may land where you will and swim where you will and within reasonable limits make love where you will. There are many holiday makers but nothing is spoilt because, I take it, young men and girls in Sweden learn from childhood what the country is for and how to enjoy it. Nor is it anyone's game to make money out of their holiday. These are the two points usually neglected in this argument. There is no question of individualists hogging the countryside for themselves any more than the highbrow can hog time for classical music on the wireless; the problem is to prevent commercialism exploiting the ignorance of a mass population in such a way that no one gets any pleasure at all. If you've never been taught to listen to Bach you may grow up believing that the ukelele is the soul of music, and if you've not been taught to find pleasure in reading poetry, Ella Wheeler Wilcox will seem good and Shakespeare high-brow tosh, living on a snob reputation. If you have never learnt the excitement there is in an unorganised holiday you may assume that the mass production of Butlin's holiday camps is the highest form of pleasure. There are ways out of this menace of commercialism and ignorance. One line of advance lies in youth movements conceived not as part of a scheme of regimentation, but as a way through which children may discover what life can be away from the cinema. But one of the most urgent of the practical steps required now is the decision to make the Lakes and other similar areas into National Parks. Motors should only be allowed to use the main roads scheduled for them, and aircraft, which should have every facility at a convenient air-port just outside, should not land within the protected area. There will be hostels and all facilities for camping and out-of-door life. All who enter, like climbers in the Alps, must conform to a code of behaviour towards other users of the parks and towards the birds and beasts which inhabit them. Americans, whose country provides vast national parks, which serve as the playground for many thousands, will understand all this without further talk; it is because Britain is so small, so terribly easily ruined and so used to the conception of everything being someone's private property that the need of a constructive National Park policy here is so great and so urgent.

* * *

I was very sorry to hear of the death of William Paton—one of the few church leaders who played a serious role in political affairs and maintained his integrity as a churchman. I did not know him in his capacity as a bridge builder between Noncomformity and Anglicanism, but as the former Indian missionary who never pretended that autocracy in India was anything but evil and who constantly sought to rouse the conscience of Christians to the un-Christian realities of British relations with Indians. He was also well versed in church politics in Europe; and indeed, he understood them so well that he did not allow himself to be used for purposes he did not wish. A German who has lived long in this country remarked to me the other day that Paton was a type of pastor who is not known in his country. "In Germany," he said, "ever since 1817 when the King and Prussia compelled Calvinists and Lutherans to get together, Protestantism and the Prussian State have been identified. Protestantism was as much ossified as the Greek Church under Tsardom. In Britain Protestantism has protested against State and Church and even suffered for it. In Germany the Church has usually been the bulwark of absolutism ever since Luther put his trust in Princes."

* * *

One of the queerest things in London now is the American invasion of the jewellers' shops. They stream through them seeking not jewels, apparently, but silver; teasets, spoons, especially antique ones. The better goldsmiths are reluctant to sell to them, for they are no more willing than other experts to see beautiful things go into the hands of purchasers who show no real appreciation of them. "They only judge by money," said an old salesman to me. "They haven't any taste at all. And you'd think that they were only buying the things to resell them in the States: in fact, I've wondered if there isn't some commercial Big Business behind it, what they call a racket. We can't afford to lose all our beautiful things, the Government ought to forbid the export of them. Of course, they have all this money and nothing to spend it on. It reminds one of the Germans in Paris, spending occupation marks. I feel ashamed to sell, as if I were helping to loot Britain." I quote this outspoken comment because unless the sentiment is understood by Americans a lot of ill-feeling will arise. "We pay for it, don't we?" does not settle the account. In France, Holland and Italy resentment will be

even stronger, partly because Germany has already looted and partly because of the argument (which I remember during the depreciation period of European currencies after the last war) that the exchange rate is fixed to suit the American buyer. It is time someone had the courage to point this out to responsible American opinion.

* * *

Who could be more suitable as Chairman of a "Questions" meeting on Greece than H. N. Brailsford, who knows Greek, both ancient and modern, who fought as a volunteer for Greek independence in 1897, was a member of the Carnegie Commission in the Balkans in 1913, and has had more adventures with Macedonian brigands and Greek politicians, including Venizelos, than I can remember or recite? The team of Greeks who will answer the questions include an officer and a seaman of the Greek Merchant Navy, an Agricultural Engineer, an Economist and a Doctor of Philosophy. The Meeting has been arranged by the Union of Democratic Control (34 Victoria Street, S.W.1) and is to be held in the Livingstone Hall on September 27th at 7 p.m. Questions about current events in Greece should be sent in beforehand and those who know anything of the three former meetings in France, Yugoslavia and Italy will realise the importance of the occasion. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to S. Blackburn.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Mr. S. Lavers (Durham County Council) said that carelessness was being shown by pedestrians which was terrifying to see. In Durham before the war they had educated even the dogs to cross the road at Belisha crossings. Now they were becoming as careless as human beings.—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

If the question "With what important event do you connect the year 1914" appeared in one of the General Knowledge tests provided by the Sunday Press, the answer given by 999 out of every 1,000 readers would be correct, but only the odd man (or woman) would give a complete answer. He (or she) being a Wire Fox Terrier enthusiast, would add, "In 1914 Wire Fox Terriers led Smooth Fox Terrier registrations for the first time by exactly 100."—*Fox Terrier Annual and Stud Book.*

Can anyone explain to me why, when I cycle to Lymm from the Lancashire side of the canal, the wind is always against me?

And can anyone further explain why, after a couple of turns in their district, the wind is still against me when I bike it back again?

That's not fancy or imagination—it's fact. And others besides myself have noticed it.—*Warrington Guardian.*

Another truth is that our administration in Malaya, having created order out of chaos, substituted law for anarchy and established equal justice for all, developed an Eldorado; it held open the arena for all comers, irrespective of race, colour, creed or nationality, to come in and grab the riches.—Letter in *Times.*

An Elizabethan 2-storey, 5-roomed doll's house, complete with furniture, electric light, garage, car, bathroom, verandah, 3ft. 10in. long, 2ft. high, 16in. deep; pre-war; £30.—Advt. in *Times.*

An egg with a "V" sign firmly imprinted on it was laid last night by a hen belonging to Mr. A. F. Roche, of Court House, Acton. Mr. Roche looked after Mr. Churchill on the *Dunnottar Castle*, which brought him to England in 1898 after his escape from the Boers.—*Evening Times* (Glasgow).

A WORD TO THE WISE

"The Polish Government stands firm for the integrity of Polish territory . . we see no adequate reason why Poland should make any further sacrifices, either in territory or in population."—Polish Foreign Minister, September 13.

POLAND, Great Britain stands beside you still,
As we stood by you in your testing hour,
Our solemn pledge by all means to fulfil
Within our power.

Sustained by your heroic fortitude,
Concerting the annihilating blow,
We stand to-day exactly where we stood
Four years ago.

Our sinews to the final onslaught bent,
But still as impotent to intervene,
Because the land mass of the Continent
Still lies between.

Steadfast as when we launched on total war
That from your ruins you might rise again,
We cannot now relieve you any more
Than we could then.

But pending our victorious advance
You may, though prematurely, be released—
The hammer-stroke of your deliverance
Comes from the East.

Though neither disappointment nor delay
Can nip the hope we mutually nursed,
Our great Ally, already on the way,
Will reach you first.

Across the Donetz and beyond the Don,
Near Kiev and Smolensk your deliverers are
And soon to cross the Dnieper, driving on
The Vistula.

Poland may rule a Greater Poland yet,
Her soul exalted and her rôle sublime—
But make your peace now with the Soviet,
While there is time. SAGITTARIUS

THE FAR-EASTERN RADIO WAR

WITH the promised approach of large-scale Allied operations in the Pacific, political warfare in the Far East may soon deserve greater attention than it has hitherto received. There is, at present, a general assumption that Japanese propaganda is, on the whole, unintelligent and primitive in substance and clumsy and machine-made in technique, and therefore, compared with its Nazi counterpart, not really worth troubling about. This is a fallacy, based on short memory and insufficient knowledge of the facts. In the months leading up to Pearl Harbour, Tokyo Radio, in conjunction with the official Domei news agency, conducted an efficient war of nerves which deceived a good many people both in the United States and in this country. Again during the period of great Japanese conquests in 1942, Tokyo showed itself able, by means of a shrewd mixture of appalling truths and equally staggering untruths, to cause considerable confusion in the fighting zones and to catch military correspondents and commentators on the wrong foot.

Since then Japanese propaganda directed against the Western world has made little or no impression. But inside the Japanese Empire and throughout the conquered territories of the so-called "Greater East Asiatic Co-Prosperity Sphere" the story is very different. Here the Tojo dictatorship has put the last twelve months to good use. By creating a number of new agencies for political warfare and improving the existing ones, it has built up a machinery which is now very elaborate and technically by no means inferior to the vast shirt of Nessus which the Nazis have thrown over the body of subjugated Europe. It is this machinery and its effects with which the Allies will have to deal once the fight for the liberation of the Pacific starts in earnest.

The task of holding and knitting together ideologically so vast and sprawling an area as the "Co-Prosperity Sphere" must be a nightmare even to the most resourceful totalitarian propagandist. It is primarily an engineering problem, and one to which radio provides the only possible answer. The Japanese have realised this from the very start of hostilities. Invariably almost the first task of their invading forces was the repairing and restarting of damaged or destroyed transmitters. The Press, the cinema, and other means of propaganda have not been neglected, but the building up of a huge broadcasting system, embracing the entire area and covering every corner of it, has had priority over everything else. In this the short-wave set proved the determining factor.

In Japan itself the public has never been permitted to possess short-wave sets. The very few that are available may be operated only under a special Home Office licence which is not even granted to foreign correspondents. The Japanese mainland is thus effectively closed to all propaganda from outside, and all attempts to reach it must remain a wasted effort until transmitters are available sufficiently near to permit "attacks" on the medium-wave. Even so it seems doubtful, owing to the peculiar conditioning of the Japanese mind, whether Allied radio propaganda will ever be able to make a substantial penetration. Despite these safeguards, penalties for listening to foreign broadcasts are even now very severe, and the police are carrying out frequent raids on private premises.

In the conquered territories, however, where short-wave sets were still available, the Japanese were in a quandary. Permission to retain the sets had the advantage of putting the entire "Co-Prosperity Sphere" within reach of the powerful Tokyo transmitters, thus facilitating central direction and control. It had the disadvantage of opening the door wide to Allied short-wave propaganda from India and Australia. Prohibition would close this door, but simultaneously sever direct connection with Tokyo and make it necessary to abandon central direction in favour of regional control. After much hesitation and attempts to work out a mixed system the Japanese finally decided on the second course.

There is thus no unified control of broadcasting, technically or politically, which is a surprising feature in a totalitarian empire like Japan. All Japanese home stations are managed by the *Nippon Hoso Kyokai* (Broadcasting Corporation of Japan), which was formed as late as 1934 as a chartered company under State control, its policy being directed jointly by the Board of Information and the Ministry of Communications. Its president, Hiroshi Shimomura, is one of the ten recently appointed "advisers" to the Information Board. It has no control over the radio systems of the occupied territories, such as the China Broadcasting Corporation, the Malaya Broadcasting Corporation, the Java Broadcasting Control Association and others. These are under the direct management of the Army and Navy Commanders-in-Chief of the respective zones of occupation. Neither the Board of Information, which is a department of the Prime Minister's office, nor the newly-established "Ministry for Greater East Asiatic Affairs" have any influence on their policy.

Japanese home propaganda is at present conducted from seven central medium-wave stations, as well as at least 38 local stations, distributed over the principal islands constituting the mother country. They serve between five and six million listeners, a still comparatively modest proportion of the total population. For overseas broadcasts, which are radiated mainly from Tokyo, at least eight powerful shortwave transmitters are being used, either singly or in groups. To these must be added a few short-wave transmitters in the occupied areas, used for overseas propaganda, such as Singapore (renamed Shonan by the Japanese) which carries the bulk of Japanese propaganda to India, the Manila group and the Batavia group (now called Jacarta) broadcasting to Australia. Since the arrival of Subhas Chandra

Bose in the Far East, the Singapore stations have been considerably stepped up, both technically and politically, and it remains to be seen what Bose's Japanese-sponsored "Free India Government" can do with them. The other two are badly received abroad and have little effect.

At the beginning of this year Tokyo claimed to be broadcasting in 22 different languages. This may well be true, since 18 or 19 of them have actually been heard in Australia. Among them English occupies more hours than any other language; there are, of course, a number of quisling broadcasters working for the Japanese from Tokyo. Best known among them are Stewart Tashiro, a Japanese-born Hawaiian, "Chuck" Yoshii, an American citizen with a Japanese wife; John Holland, an Australian who formerly broadcast for the Japanese from Shanghai under the name of David Lester and who is by far the most talented of the lot, Josias van Diepst, a Dutch renegade long in the pay of the Japanese, and a few others. The announcers and commentators in the European languages are mostly Japanese, but there are some Chinese, Malayans and Indians broadcasting in their own languages.

In the occupied countries the Japanese have not only re-opened all previously existing stations but also claim to have set up a number of new ones about which little is known. In Occupied China Shanghai remains by far the most important radio centre, with Peking, Tientsin and a host of regional and local stations strung up behind it. Stations in French Indo-China, Thailand and Burma are only nominally independent and represent, for all practical purposes, integral parts of the Japanese propaganda machine. In addition a constant stream of Japanese propaganda emanates from the Philippines, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes and the Malayan peninsula. New transmitters have made their appearance in out of the way places like the Moluccas (Radio Serang) and Timor (Radio Koepang). The total number of Japanese-controlled radio stations in the South-West Pacific is impossible to estimate but it may not be far short of a hundred. The total number of listeners thus reached and likely to be influenced by this torrent of words, is anybody's guess. The occupying power has left nothing to chance, and the appearance, in large numbers, of loud-speakers in public places, euphemistically called "singing trees" by the Japanese, and blaring forth propaganda from dawn to dusk, and from Penang to Macassar and Balikpapan, indicates the ruthless determination of the Japanese to press, by hook or crook, every single islander into the mental framework of their "New Order," and to do it without loss of time.

It has been said that a people which is not itself, at least to a certain extent, susceptible to propaganda, cannot hope to produce successful propaganda of its own. In a restricted sense, this is true of the Japanese. Immunised against foreign influences to a degree inconceivable to us, they show little capacity to see the other fellow's point of view (the first pre-requisite for successful propaganda), to argue with him on his own level, discover his weak points and eventually either talk him into confusion, or convince him. Friend and foe, ally, neutral, enemy and so-called "partner" in the promised co-prosperity are all served the same poisoned dish, in the hope that eventually *all* may die of it and Japan emerge, materially and intellectually, as the uncontested master of the world. This does not mean that the ingredients of the dish are not carefully selected, with occasional slight but fanciful variations, well cooked and served with studied grace. They are, and if the Western world has not been tempted, it does not follow that the East, in the absence of all other food, will not slowly succumb. The Japanese do not like the word "propaganda" and use it as little as possible. Regarding themselves as intellectually superior to the rest of the world, they deem it below their dignity and have substituted for it the term "thought war." And that is what it actually is, at any rate in the conquered territories—war on all thinking that is not Japanese.

This explains the two main features of the Japanese radio war in the Pacific—the determined drive to impose the Japanese language on the conquered peoples in the shortest possible space of time, and the reduction of their propaganda to a mechanic permutation of a given set of slogans. Unlike the Nazis who prefer to talk to their victims in their own languages, the Japanese regard this merely as a temporary expedient while Japanese is being introduced. Throughout the conquered South-West Pacific a steadily growing proportion of broadcasting time is devoted to the teaching of elementary Japanese; broadcasts in native languages tend to decrease in the same proportion. As the enforced knowledge of Japanese progresses, the two or three dozen slogans of which Japanese propaganda is composed are being hammered in. With what result, no one at present can tell.

These slogans fall neatly into two categories, those concerning the origin of the war and designed to explain and justify the Japanese "case," and those concerning the aims and objects of Japan and designed to reconcile the subjugated peoples with them. Over-population, military and economic encirclement, Japanese virility as against democratic decadence, plutocracy and the Jews are but the most prominent among the first category. There are many others. The Co-Prosperity Sphere, the "Hakko Ichhiu" myth, "Kodo" or "The Way of the Emperor," Japan as the most modern and progressive nation in the world—these and a dozen others make up the second category. Mixed tirelessly in every conceivable combination, they permeate everything, from communiqués, political and war commentaries to ordinary news items, financial and economic decrees, public announcements and police orders. It is no exaggeration to say that there is not one sentence broadcast from or by Japan that is not in one way or another related to one of these slogans and no Japanese news can therefore be interpreted correctly without awareness of them. But the business of removing the "slogan content" from Japanese propaganda, is, in the long run, a tiresome one, and the Japanese know it. They consider it, not wrongly, their main asset in the Far Eastern radio war, and do not mind being considered primitive on account of it.

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

A COLONIAL PRESS

In the middle years of the nineteenth century, the Rev. Henry Townshend set up a printing press. It was at Abeokuta, in West Africa, home of the Egba-Yorubas; this press had been brought piecemeal from England. In the true British tradition, he had no idea how the various pieces went together: but by 1859 there was a "newspaper for the Egba and the Yorubas," three thousand of whom, it is said, could then read. It was a tiny sheet of eight pages, with English and Yoruba facing each other across the page, and it cost 120 cowries, about one penny of our money.

Since that day, Nigeria and West Africa have acquired forty odd newspapers. There are 22 periodicals and 11 dailies in English, six periodicals in Yoruba, and one in Hausa, the only Government paper. Newsprint is scarce, matrices worn, distribution (by lorries along the red earth roads) scarcely easy. But all the papers bear a resemblance to a European Press except that they are almost entirely the product of intellectuals. For they cater for an élite of fifty to sixty thousand subscribers, nearly all gathered on the coast, and they reach perhaps half a million more.

The largest and most modern of these papers, wishing to appear on advertisement lists in England, approached a firm of auditors for this purpose. It found itself rebuffed. Yet this limitation on the children of the Rev. Townshend has its advantages, which are not always recognised. There is the advantage that the big companies do not consider it worth their while to buy up a paper. There is the advantage (unconnected with limitation) of the scrupulous non-intervention of the British Government, whose information officers count their victories in the inches won for war news. Finally, there is a concealed advantage. As the result of the lack of a close twentieth-century organisation generally, even in areas which have known settled capitalist conditions for well over a century, ideas in West Africa count for more than interests. Or rather, interests are conveyed by means of ideas which still have their power of primitive excitement.

This independence also has disadvantages. Though English is freely accepted as the language of the Press, it is not native to the people, and they do not always find clear expression easy. Because elbow-grease is a symbol for hard work, "to grease one's elbow" is a common expression. A recent headline read: "Italy realises war at own doormouth." A goalie, after a sequence of passionate sporting prose, saves the ball "in a genuflecting position." For the people have the intoxication of words possessed by our own Elizabethans. Sometimes there is the same exuberance—a headline reads, "Minister of religion overfeeds and swoons at function." A Trade Union banner declares: "The toga of our inferiority must be laid aside for ever." A memorial typical of those which appear in all West African papers begins: "Who could know that those bridal festivities were but the prelude to your mournful obsequies?" But from one fault they are nearly always free: they do not contain the heartlessness of many more technically competent European writers.

But all these minor slips and semi-literate verbosities will pass and the essential humanity that breathes from these tiny papers perhaps remain. Editors and writers, even the reporters from the provinces, describing the narrow ceremonies of West African bourgeois life, which so resemble the style of late Victorian days, are all pioneers; they feel that they are engaged upon a work of renascence, the renascence of Mother Africa. "I have the happiness to be an African," a correspondent writes of a squabble between Gold Coasters and the Yoruba traders from Nigeria. Theirs is a literary culture, with language from another culture superimposed on primeval historical experience: but, like African sculpture and dancing, it is alive.

But still, a critic objects, these papers represent the minority of Africans who have passed through Yaba, Achimota, or Fourah Bay, separated in their mental outlook from the rest of their people. It is true, and not true; for they remain African. The situation of the African intelligentsia stems from the same root cause as the situation of Congress India; the literary education. And because, in Africa, their background goes back for many centuries, the intelligentsia are more limited by their environment: even though in the end they may not be so ultimately bound. In May the papers report that a fine of £3 was imposed on a man for throwing the corpse of a smallpox victim into a running stream. In June a Baptist sexton sacrifices a dog on the chapel altar; even though he did fall down dead thereafter. Last spring, a reporter went to a provincial court: "Ikot Ekbene: Feelings ran high in the police court recently when two witch hunters were arraigned before the magistrate for assaulting their cousin (mistaking him for an owl)." But this barbarism is perhaps less ineradicable than Hinduism in its civilisation.

The papers close their ranks in an effort to cope with the bewildering culture clash which their country is now experiencing. They are as alive to its implications as their most jaundiced critic. A Russian squadron is reported to have been given the name of Pushkin: Pushkin was a negro. A brilliant young doctor's return is publicised: West Africa now has seven British doctorates. A book on draughtsmanship by a young art student in London is praised for its evidence of creativeness. And yet, at the same time, they criticise themselves, even bitterly. Their outlook runs the gamut of the last hundred years. The political organisation, in the coastal towns, is the nebulous Youth Movement which runs from the Leftist policy in Sierra Leone, through an eclectic Christianity on the Gold Coast, to the straightforward bourgeois

nationalism of Nigeria. They report the Legislative Council, and from time to time belabour the huge Aunt Sally, the Colonial Government: but equally they report the endless land disputes and succession struggles of the "stools," the countless pocket handkerchief States of the older settled areas; they report the prostitution and the rack-renting in the towns: their own weaknesses are daily flayed.

And some at least of these papers attempt to stamp a pattern on their land. Nnamdi Azikwe, an Ibo from Onitsha on the Lower Niger, is a representative leader of this movement, by reason of the violence of the reactions in his favour or against him. The pattern this "respectable son of Africa" attempts to stamp comes from the twentieth century; partly from America where he was educated, before he founded the first of the four papers he now controls, the *West African Pilot*, in 1934. In the last nine months, under the pen-name of Zik, he has written a "constitutional blueprint" for Nigeria, and a series on post-war Nigerian economics. He has ransacked the liberal writers of the world, and treats his country as a modern State. "Show the light and the people will find the way," is his paper's motto: the method is sensational journalism of the most approved pattern. But he is a man with a head on his shoulders; he gives his public, mostly the young men, what they want; and for that, because it is "lowering," he is bitterly opposed by more traditional forces. What they perhaps do not realise is that he is a born journalist and politician, whose chief aim is clearly shown by his statement at the end of the "blueprint": "Here is a plan, definite and complete. They asked us what we wanted. Here it is. History will record that we have made it." He counts on the immediate effect.

It is Azikwe's actions that are more instructive to follow perhaps than his ideas, interesting and encyclopædic though they may be. His interests do not end with papers, for he controls a sports club, which goes on goodwill tours through Southern Nigeria: for football, and perhaps cricket also, are the "path of national self-consciousness." His staff comes from all over Southern West Africa: Yoruba, Ibo, Ijaw, Fanti and Sierra Leonean. Most interesting of all, perhaps, his reporters attempt to go into areas where self-conscious Ibo and Yoruba of their type are, to say the least, strangers: through the belt of the tropical jungle and the mangrove swamps of the river, out into the wide uplands of Northern Nigeria, where the Moslem culture is still predominant, under conquering peoples whose relation to the southerners has some, if not all, of the aspects of the relations of Moslems to Hindus. But this is a significant step: for, as a young Northern *mallam* recently wrote in the *Pilot*, the North has the land but the south has the money. Zik has opened subsidiaries on the east coast at Port Harcourt; at Onitsha, his native place in Ibo land; and at Warri for the Benin provinces. But he wishes to open at Ibadan, the great Yoruba "meeting place in the fields," with its population of 380,000; at Jos, the northern centre of the tin-mining on the "pagan" plateau; and at Kano finally, the historic northern market city and centre of the Hausa. Shortage of newsprint has so far stopped him.

So the fantastic world, alive and kicking in so many directions at once, exists in West Africa to-day: a world more complex perhaps than anything to be found elsewhere except in India: a world surely unforeseen by the Rev. Townshend ninety years ago. The newspapers are the signposts of that world. For me, who have never visited it, Nigeria stands revealed in the March number of the *Pilot*, indeed, in one front page. First, a photograph of the white-robed Sultan of Sokoto, swathed to the eyes like a Tuareg of the desert, whose country marches with its own; below that, an account of the death by ordeal trial of eleven people who had eaten the poisonous esere bean, pounded by a man whose wife had miscarried; and finally, below again, the case of Bessie Amadi, a young Etche girl, found at midnight in the European quarter at Port Harcourt—in pyjamas, said the astonished constable. But she got off, owing to a "mixture of humour, smartness, and facial expression."

And this world it is necessary for us to understand. Because by doing so we not only understand the African, from the only real and independent sounding board in the continent to-day. And we not only understand the anguish of two worlds, one dying and one struggling to be born; in part, at least, we also understand ourselves.

HENRY SWANZY

A BOTANICAL INCIDENT

I AM not a botanist; but I have always been sufficiently addicted to field natural history to like to know something about wild flowers. So it came about that the other day, while on holiday in South Wales, I stumbled accidentally on one of the great rarities of the British flora.

I had gone off on my bicycle to explore a wild and solitary headland, gashed with precipitous cliffy inlets that formed a prominent and alluring feature in the view from our lodgings. The trip well repaid the exertion. Where I reached the cliff, it fell stupendously some four hundred feet into a deserted green cove, several miles either way from the nearest coastal habitations. As I looked, a peregrine falcon flew round the buttress, on wings whose arrowy quality is recalled only by the swifts, but whose power is unexcelled by those of any bird. Wheatears perched above the white border of sea-campion, and rock-pipits played among the rocky cliffs. To reach the spot, after ploughing through heavy bracken, I had crossed a purple acre of as fine heather as I have ever seen, whose honey fragrance came to me on the wind to mingle with the salt flavours from the sea.

Reluctantly, I turned to go back. And there, on a small patch of dry and barren turf at the edge of the heather, I noticed centaury growing in unusual profusion. Not only was it profuse, but the pink starry flowers seemed unusually striking. I looked again, and decided there could be no mistake. As well as the familiar sort, with its head of many small flowers, there was also a distinct variety, comprising most of the plants present. This grew more diffusely, and had fewer flowers to each stem, but the flowers were perhaps double as big as usual, more starry in shape, and with a light centre which made them much more striking.

I picked a small bunch, partly for its beauty, partly because I wanted to find out what sort of variety this might be. Some plants are known to exist in a tetraploid form, with double the normal number of chromosomes, and this sometimes produces greater size and showiness. The tetraploid remains separate from the normal because the cross between the two, even if it can be made, is infertile. I thought perhaps my large-flowered plants were of this type.

So I sent some specimens to a friend at Kew—to get an excited reply by return of post. This was no mere variety of the common British centaury, but a separate species, and one of the high spots, so far as rarity goes, among British plants—*Centaurium scilloides*. It had only been discovered in the present century—indeed, during the last war—and was recorded only from this one small area. When a party from Kew went down later to check up on the record, they found it in a locality two or three miles from my patch, so I may have had the honour of extending its known range a trifle!

Rarity and uniqueness is always exciting, however illogically. I remember how fascinated I was when Professor Oliver, the eminent botanist, showed me what was believed to be the southernmost individual specimen of the Sea Mertensia or oyster-plant, with its rather surprising blue flowers of forget-me-not type, and its leaves tasting like oysters, growing on the shingle in Norfolk. It had a special fascination, because I had also seen what was believed to be the northernmost individual specimen of the same species, when in Spitsbergen some years earlier.

But here rarity was reinforced by scientific interest. *Centaurium scilloides* is found elsewhere only on the Atlantic coasts of Europe—in western France, the Iberian peninsula, and in the Azores. As such, it is a member of that intriguing and puzzling element in the wild life of Britain, the so-called Lusitanian flora and fauna.

All of these animals and plants have their chief home in the Atlantic regions of the Iberian peninsula, often extending into western or south-western France as well, and sometimes ranging to the Azores. In the British Isles they are sometimes confined to Ireland, sometimes also (or only) touching south-west England or west Wales. The best-known examples are the Arbutus or Strawberry-tree (which, however, also extends eastward all through the Mediterranean) and the saxifrage that is so perversely named London Pride. These, like the Mediterranean Heather and the elegant pink-flowered St. Dabeoc's Heath, have southern or western Ireland as their only station within our islands.

Another species of heather from Spain, Portugal and south-western France grows also in Cornwall and Devon and on the Dorset heaths. The little Sibthorpia, sometimes called Cornish Moneywort, has British footholds in the Channel Islands and South Wales as well as the south-west corner of England and southern Ireland. The Lusitanian Butterwort, with its pale flowers, extends all along the west and north coasts of Great Britain, as well as Ireland.

Among Lusitanian animals to be found in Ireland there is a brightly spotted slug, a claret-coloured wood-louse, a millipede, a dragonfly, a spider, and several kinds of beetles.

These Lusitanian plants and animals, though few in number, are a very interesting element in our fauna and flora. They are often examples of discontinuous distribution, since many of them skip north-western France to reappear in south-western Britain or Ireland. They have been adduced as an argument in favour of some regions of Ireland having remained free of ice and sufficiently warm for such southern fauna to have been able to survive the entire Ice Age in our islands. But recent research on glacial deposits in south-west Ireland show that it was glaciated pretty well down to sea level, so that they cannot all have lived throughout the period of the ice in their present localities: possibly they existed on land farther to the south-west which is now submerged. This links on to the theory which would have them survivors from the northern end of a western continent, Atlantis, now drowned below the waves.

Whatever the precise explanation may be, it seems clear that they are the oldest element in our present population of plants and animals, a part of the fauna and flora of a region with a mild oceanic climate which has managed to keep a foothold in the British Isles in spite of the four great glaciations of the million-year Ice Age. At the close of the last glaciation, before Britain was finally cut off from the Continent, swarms of central European types pressed in from the east, and of sub-arctic forms from the north-east; and these seem to have crowded up against the Lusitanian remnants and wedged them into a few narrow refuges against the western coasts.

My botanical friend told me a further point of interest about *Centaurium scilloides*. It illustrates how geographical isolation may lead to separate evolution or differentiation. The British and the western European types are alike, and belong to the sub-species *portense* (so-called from having been first found near Oporto), but the Azorean form is different enough to be classed as a separate sub-species. It must be very beautiful, as it has white flowers.

In any event, my little patch of rare Centaury, a few hundred plants all told, has the appeal of an ancient remnant, barely holding its own after a long and eventful history, and posing still unsolved questions to the naturalist.

JULIAN HUXLEY

A TRAGEDY OF RACE

The Wingless Victory (this, by the way, is the name of the hero's ship) at the Phœnix Theatre is a romantic American drama in verse. The scene is laid at Salem in New England in the year 1800, a port which the Napoleonic wars and French privateers had at that date nearly mined. Puritan pride and business bankruptcy produced together a freezing social atmosphere the like of which has seldom been outside Calvin's Geneva. The bone-chill struck through this play. Those black, clean, dignified men, resolute, relentless, warming their hands at the only fire their creed allowed them—suffering it was their duty to impose on sinners! Those dignified tight-lipped enduring old mothers! Those demure, strapping, rosy maidens compelled to simulate perpetual innocence! Yes, Salem of 1800 was well suggested on the Phœnix stage, thanks to the aloof trenchant acting of Mr. André van Gyseghem (the Rev. Phineas McQueston) and the quiet gestureless bitterness of Miss Mary Merrall in the part of his old mother—the mother also of two rebellious sons.

The theme of Mr. Maxwell Anderson's tragedy is a struggle between New England Calvinism (money-loving, intensely puritan and racially exclusive) and—shall we say?—a humanism, Christian at least in its recognition of the brotherhood of man and in hating hypocrisy, cruelty and violence. The story in which this theme is embodied are those events which followed the sudden return of Nathaniel McQueston, with a ship of his own ladened with valuable spices and a dusky princess from the Celebes and her two children on board. First, we watch the bitter reluctance with which he is admitted with such a "wife" inside his old home. Only the chance that the sinner would buy-out threatening mortgagees won him admittance; and even then his brother Phineas, after insulting the gentle and courteous Oparre, left the house. Six months pass during which Nathaniel, confident in the persuasiveness of money in Salem, has invested his whole fortune in loans to its leading citizens. Yet still (Act II) no man or woman in the town speaks to his wife. Then he is served with a summons for not having registered the two "female slaves" he had imported. This insult to his beloved is too much. He will force her, yes, upon the family of the Justice of the Peace himself: invite her now or pay at once your debt to me—those are his terms. But meanwhile the Rev. Phineas has found the way to save his brother's soul and slake his hatred of the alien woman. He knows that "The Wingless Victory" was once a Dutch ship, and that his brother had never bought her. (He had captured her from mutineers.) Pack off, then, your filthy woman and your brats, or stand your trial for piracy—those are the conditions of the Church of Christ. And Nathaniel who cannot bear to leave his money and go away penniless, even with Oparre, to her amazed despair and furious contempt, consents.

This is a powerfully dramatic act. The burden of it rests upon the actress. Oparre has had already in Act I to convey, beneath the repose of one well used to deference in her own country, the humility of a primitive woman, not only utterly in love, but coming among those to whom she owed that lovely new religion which had soothed her heart and driven from it the dark propitiatory superstitions she had inherited. All she knew of her husband's people was that they obeyed a Christ who is infinitely kind. At once she met rude shocks. But when after months of insult her earthly god, her hero, false to their love, his honour and his pride, agreed to ship her off to be slaughtered by her tribe or to die in some brothel, then, back she changed into a barbaric princess; and back into her heart rushed the old conviction that the secret powers of earth are unfathomably cruel. In the ship's cabin, in the early morning, she poisoned her children and herself. At first she would not let her repentant lover touch her. He had come too late to share again her life, but with his hand against her mouth she died.

It will be inferred that such a part might well attract a great actress. Miss Wanda Rotha in gestures, carriage, looks, did not let it down; and that is saying more than something, though her articulation was not always distinct. It might also be inferred that *The Wingless Victory* must be a very fine play. Ah, there caution is necessary: it has only the makings of one. What I have been describing is a conception that does not thoroughly inform all parts of it, nor inspire words better than those of an appropriate dramatic vehemence. There is nothing inventive or arresting in metaphor and no rhythm in its diction. It is a play in verse without the exaltations of verse, yet it by-passes the criticisms of mere realism, and I shall probably remember it better than many plays I have enjoyed more.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

THE EXHIBITION OF GREEK ART IN EDINBURGH

Seeing Edinburgh was, to the surprised traveller, like opening Chinese boxes. The first box edged on one side by the sea, on the other by bright green hills broken with black rocks, holds Edinburgh itself, a black beauty of a city, whose major part was planned in splendid proportion and with variety of building by the brothers Adam. Black, cold, grand, secret—one murmurs, passing the great houses.

The third box was the National Gallery of Scotland lying in the centre of the city; the fourth the heart of the gallery, a small octagon room which holds a rare treasure—six paintings by El Greco and twelve Byzantine panels painted between the tenth and seventeenth centuries.

For the first time in an exhibition have paintings by El Greco and Byzantine paintings hung together, so that it is possible to see the source of his inspiration and to compare his work, generally with a continuous Byzantine tradition and, particularly, with his compatriots and contemporaries, the artists of the famous Cretan School. They continued to work in a purely Byzantine manner while his genius was developing under the influence of Italy and Spain, and one realises here how much his treatment of heads, of natural shapes such as rocks, and his basic structure remain, in spite of his rich development, Byzantine, and that it is through him the inspiration continues to-day.

But how to give an impression of this little show within a show? First one was struck by a small version of the Dream of Philip II in the Escorial—radiating shafts of light fill the yellows, pinks and reds till they fade into grey and reach sudden black—vivid drawing of flying angels, delicate painting of heads and of the landscapes of Purgatory and Hell;—next a tondo or circular picture only seventeen centimetres in diameter, painted in Thasos about A.D. 1000. Over the knees of three seated angels a cloth forming a white T holds a tiny still life of wine, grapes and two red fishes. The feet of the angels are upon green footstools with golden edges. Near by is the "Portrait of a lady with white fur" by El Greco. She is well known in her high *coiffure*, hood, and lynx fur, which seem to belong to our own day as much as to hers. Gradually one is aware of four large figures by El Greco, the profound grey figure of Christ bearing the Cross, the sensitive figure of St. James the Great, St. Jerome, a Nobleman; they loom in their grave beauty while all around glow the small inspirations from Crete in red, green, gold and black, and shines a paler panel in a lighter spirit by the most famous of Russian painters, Rublev.

A simply proportioned Christ with a book (A.D. 1100) brings to mind Cimabue, but also—because of a curious line technique used for the folds of the cloak, the early wood-cuts of Derain; a Baptism in Jordan made of figures and rocks, three bearded saints in a row, bring one's eyes back to the great master,—but how to recall with neither space nor time the uplifted arms of the Magdalene and Nicodemus looking through a ladder, delicate "St. John the fore-runner winged," and another Virgin of the Rocks, rocks which recur on these walls in Cubist shapes crowned with white high lights to show how the sun shone as it shines to-day on rocks in Crete. Space and time do not allow us to linger in this lovely room, but visitor go there, and, in this exhibition which displays Greek art from the present day back to the "long and brilliant bronze age" go too and see the *pillow-cases*, particularly one described as "two very large cocks" of a fly-away design; the *jewels:* a "gold head-band with embossed gorgons" (300 B.C.), a necklace of "twenty-one electrum filigree discs set with seed pearls" (100 B.C.), and a row of rings; the *coins:* the seal of Phocaea, the owl of Athens, the hare of Messano; find "a bearded boxer" (570 B.C.) and "two geometric men" (800 B.C.), a "silver cup from Crete" (750 B.C.), "a horse rearing" (420 B.C.); do not miss "two small flying swans" and "a small boy seated," the Mycenaean striped two-horse chariot and stemmed goblet, nor the most ancient figures of all made of white marble, flatly cut, which were made about 3000 B.C. in the Cyclades and which remind us of Picasso, Miro and Giacometti.

The visitor will of course see the great pieces from the classical age: the Cottenham relief showing a youth leading a horse, from Professor A. B. Cook's collection and the fine fragment from the Earl of Elgin's, and many bronzes, vases and figures from both and Lord Kinnaird's. Two of the El Greco pictures have been lent by Sir John Stirling-Maxwell of Pollok, two by Colonel W. J. Stirling of Keir; almost all the Byzantine panels belong to Mr. Charles Seltman who also owns some of the most lovely small objects in the exhibition and who has been responsible for its arrangement, with the help of Mrs. Jaqueline Chittenden, in a way which communicates immediately understanding and pleasure. It is being held under the auspices of the Royal Hellenic Society and the British Council. Added to the intrinsic merit of such a collection is another value: the proof of the necessity, for a civilisation, of a three-fold relationship between artists, lesser artists and workmen, and the public. Without leaders who keep in touch with them, smaller talents go astray; without respect from the public, art cannot widely flourish; and it should flourish *everywhere*, not only in single masterpieces but in objects of every-day use, and in behaviour.

During the eighteenth century in England such a co-operative tradition existed; in this exhibition can be seen what is achieved when a people has been continuously conscious of its necessity. I have only been able to indicate the inspiration to be found here: the inspiration of Greece, which for almost incalculable years has left its mark upon the world, and by which we may once more be refreshed in the casket named "the Athens of the North."

MARY HUTCHINSON

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Pink String and Sealing Wax," at the Duke of York's

Mr. Roland Pertwee's new play has witty dialogue, competent acting, and the most amusing performance, by Miss Margaret Barton, seen in the theatre for quite some time. The play itself is a formless affair about a Brighton chemist who rules his children with a rod of iron. The eldest son is in love with a murderess; the eldest daughter has visions of becoming another Patti; and the second girl wants to be an actress. The youngest member of the household has no ambition. She is content to be merely the scourge of the family. She is a horror but what an amusing horror! Miss Barton plays the part with a vitality and style that makes the rest of the cast seem pretty dim.

One of the leading film companies should give her a contract at once and bill her as "The Child You Love to Hate"—in the days of the silent films Mr. Erich Von Stroheim found that a most successful lure to throw to the public.

Gilman at the Lefevre Galleries

Possibly to post-1918 amateurs Harold Gilman needs introduction; if so, these amateurs will be grateful to Mr. Hubert Wellington who has done the job thoroughly. Because Gilman died in 1919, when he forty-four, while his even more gifted friend Gore had died five years earlier, the Camden Town school, of which Sickert was the master but of which Gore and Gilman were the "hopes," became during a few crucial years unknown almost to gallery-goers. A link in British art appeared to be missing: between Sickert and the English Post-Impressionists there was a gap. That Sickert was the master is made clear enough, and through Sickert presumably Gilman came to Degas: Degas is the second master. Also, before 1912, Gilman was sometimes called an "Intimist"—a silly term, invented in Germany, which in this case means no more than that, the artist's subjects being frequently interiors with a figure, it is possible for a determined anthropocentrist to believe that the still life, of which the best part of the picture is general

composed, possesses a peculiar human significance. What matters is that these interiors, for all their air of downright realism, are painted with exquisite delicacy; and Gilman might have become an English echo of Vuillard had it not been for the first Post-Impressionist exhibition. The effect on his art, made manifest by this show, of looking intently at Cézanne and Van Gogh is surprising. His colour, without losing its delicacy, becomes suddenly intense; his design becomes Cézannesque; the influence of Sickert dwindles. The impression left is that Gilman was a very good painter who might have become important.

THE MOVIES

British Council Film: "Surgery in Chest Diseases"

The one interesting film this week was seen by a private audience at the Curzon cinema and will never be shown in public. *Surgery in Chest Diseases* is, to the layman, more exciting than its title. Its subject is a cancer of the lung; the cancer shows itself first in a mass radiography of industrial workers; the man is then given a full-size X-ray, admitted to hospital, prepared for operation, operated on, and after a three-months' convalescence goes back to work. The subject proves to be rather more dramatic than the fictional loves of Hollywood. For anyone who has never been present at an operation, except under the influence of ether, this drama of the operating table has a fantastically cool, tense appeal. The gas mask and the transfusion dripper do their work, the white-garbed surgeons and their assistants with forceps crowd round, the sheet is lifted up from the marked area. At the first touch of the knife flesh yawns open and then a way is hewed down to the affected lung, which is removed. I have seen many close-ups on the screen, usually of two unlikeable human faces, but none to equal this one, drawn out for ten minutes or more. One function of the cinema, which personally I should like to see employed far more than it is to-day, is the discovery of things that the ordinary eye can't come to. Micro-photography of small organisms, slow-motion pictures of growing plants, nature films picking out life in the top branches and on the ocean bed, and such studies as *Surgery in Chest Diseases* reveal a world both more exacting and more exciting than the world of fiction. Not enough of such films are made and shown, as anyone who has looked in to the news-reel theatre knows; only a very few films add to our education, the huge majority flatter our lack of it. I am not suggesting that *Surgery in Chest Diseases* should be shown in cinemas next, say, to a comedy with Deanna Durbin, though in twenty or thirty years' time it is possible that audiences may be sufficiently adult to enjoy reality as well as daydreams. Meanwhile, this film will go to specialist audiences abroad, when no doubt our prestige both in surgery and film making will rise several points. The British Council is to be congratulated on this useful and enterprising achievement.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

BASIC ENGLISH

SIR,—The comment on Basic English in to-day's number of the NEW STATESMAN must be easily the most childish piece of writing the "N.S." has printed for many a moon. The intellectual level of the argument is not higher than that of the old Tory contention that Socialism is impossible because if all the world's goods were shared out equally to-day, human nature is such that we would all be economically unequal to-morrow. And there is the same note of panic for the traditional England.

Does an educated Briton when speaking to someone—an infant or a foreigner—not well used to the language have to scan continuously the Oxford Dictionary? Or does he not, with common sense, reduce his speech to simple and everyday words? And would the problem of international communication not be simplified if there was an agreed, carefully selected first vocabulary for those learning the English language? The 850 words of Basic are not a cast-iron upper limit, but merely a beginning, and if a press lord sells his daily paper to the world's beginners won't the NEW STATESMAN sell to those who learn the Basic vocabulary in a month and then push on into further English?

The writer of the article seems to suggest that Mr. Churchill speaks off the cuff on public occasions, but the general belief is that the Premier's speeches are very carefully prepared. Certainly the more imposing passages are carefully laid out. When addressing an English-speaking audience, Mr. Churchill uses the full sweep of the language from Billingsgate upwards, but conceit for his composition would not stop him putting his meaning into Basic English if he had to speak to the world's peoples on weighty matters. His Harvard speech is the first clear sign that Mr. Churchill is aware of the real problems confronting the world's legislators. True, it is a surprise to find the tradition-steeped Winston Churchill starting an inquiry into an important problem in advanced internationalism, but it is also a great shock to find the NEW STATESMAN dithering and drivelling blimpishly at a shadow the approaching future is casting ahead. It is the NEW STATESMAN'S business to anticipate and control the future, not to shudder at novelty. It is silly to suggest that because, out of a sense of world citizenship and courtesy to those who are new to our tongue, we discipline ourselves on occasion to 850 chosen words and turns of speech using them, that therefore the British stock using the language as a bludgeon, or a steam hammer, or a fine precision tool, or a musical instrument will die out. Advocacy of Basic is a sign of freshness of outlook, not of decadence.

Probably the public utterances of no English-speaking statesman of to-day would benefit so much from a brief training in Basic English as Mr. Churchill's. I find his extravagant and over-elaborate verbiage unbearable to listen to and always wait for the newspaper reports of his broadcasts when I can swiftly grasp his meaning and shake it free of Gibbonish. I myself have found a brief study of Basic a real help in the use of language, both in the writing of verse and of accurate statement.

An international language is an obvious need for world integration. Basic English may or may not be the best solution. I think it is. But whether or no, the matter is undoubtedly well worth looking into, and Mr. Churchill is to be congratulated upon overcoming his first sarcastic objections and recognising that the case for Basic English is powerful and important. And surely when the coin drops in the mind of the Old Man, that is no time for the NEW STATESMAN to get out of order?

F. R. GRIFFIN

SIR,—Is not the failure to understand the value of Basic English due chiefly to overlooking the fact that there are two distinct uses of language—the scientific and the emotive?

Both these uses have very great value *in their proper place*. Basic English is designed to fulfil the function of scientific language. It is concerned with pure reference (there are exceptions, of course: Basic is not suitable for the interchange of diplomatic "delicacies").

In Basic English it would be impossible to distort facts in a person's mind by playing upon his emotions. (During an election, for example, we have many instances of this illegitimate use of emotive language.)

It is a mistake to assume that Basic aspires to the function of literature—the "art of saying things movingly," or to public speaking such as Mr. Churchill's. Verse will also be excluded. No one will attempt a translation of "Three Blind Mice" or "Tiger Tiger," to take two simple cases.

(An educated person will know that he cannot judge the value of literature in any foreign language by

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Douglas Reed

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With this book Douglas Reed concludes the task he set himself, seven years ago, when he began to write *Insanity Fair*. That book, he says, was 'an urgent warning of the imminent outbreak of war and of the way to avert it.' This is 'an urgent warning of the imminent outbreak of peace, and of the way to preserve it.'

Other books by Douglas Reed are *Disgrace Abounding*, *A Prophet at Home*, *All Our Tomorrows* and *Downfall*.

[12s 6d net]

JONATHAN CAPE

reading a translation. How much more this knowledge will be applied to Basic need not be stressed.)

It should not be difficult to see when Basic can be used profitably. The principal value of this simple means of communication is its use as a powerful factor for world unity. It gives a means of intercourse for all the practical necessities of everyday life. And it will be used for interchange of thought and fact where mechanical and other scientific interests are concerned. This function covers a very important field.

A critic of Basic should look first for its special purposes and for their value. F. R. O'NEILL

ACTOR AND CRITIC

SIR,—Mr. Michael Redgrave's sensitive, disarming and patently heartfelt appeal to the critics deserves some reply from myself, as current president of the Critics' Circle, to which most, but not all of the critics belong. These, however, are my personal views.

Most of us have far more desire to improve the theatre than the power to bring about such improvement. To-day, everything fantastically waits upon the liberation of Norway and eased paper control: but we are always faced with the refusal of some newspaper chiefs to regard the drama as of any importance or worthy of expert comment. Compared with America, this is deplorable, and we are on Mr. Redgrave's side for reform. But as things are, I doubt if even Mr. Redgrave, endowed as he is with the imaginative quality of the artist, can visualise the adoption by certain papers of criticisms on the plane of Montague or Lewes.

I fancy Mr. Redgrave rather gives himself away by suggesting, as the latest example of the critics' incompetence, their general disapproval of *Blow Your Own Trumpet*. The competence of critics varies; but so does that of dramatists. And new plays and new authors *do* get good general notices sometimes, without any box-office success either evident beforehand or realised afterwards—as witness *Rhondda Roundabout* and *The Duke in Darkness*. Moreover, there must be *some* new plays that are poor.

Mr. Redgrave's proposed reforms, even assuming they are all desirable and urgent, might prove a piquant field for debate, especially if a qualification test for critics included temperament and charity. But to bring about the abolition of unsigned notices and sub-editors' facetious headlines would, I fear, be beyond the combined forces of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association and the Emergency Powers Act. Mr. Redgrave is flattering us—unintentionally, no doubt.

All the same, I welcome his directness. The serious theatre needs support and betterment, and it would be ludicrous to claim that criticism is not open to improvement. We are allies, if we only realised it. All I am concerned with here, however, is the removal of one or two misconceptions.

P. L. MANNOCK

THE CASE OF THE HOMOSEXUAL

SIR,—Your columns carry such authenticity that it is a pity if incorrect views are allowed to pass there—even if only in correspondence.

Miss Irene Stiles is correct in doubting the assertion of Dr. Kenneth Hall that homosexuality cannot be cured. There are a number of cases in the literature in which this perversion, as well as many other types, have been cured. I have published a small number of successful cases in full in my monograph "The Sexual Perversions and Abnormalities" (The Oxford University Press, 1940), and there are others in the scientific literature, both English and American. The matter is not a simple one since it is very rare to find a perversion "in pure culture"—usually homosexuality is mixed with some other abnormality such as sadism, masochism, oral perversions and so on. This is not only my own experience, but was noted in the Home Office publication on the psychotherapy of delinquents.

The problem of treatment is not easy since glandular abnormalities may influence behaviour, and it is useless to treat the psychological side until the physical anomaly is corrected. For example Broster et al. noted in "The Adrenal Cortex and Intersexuality" (Chapman and Hall, 1938) that adrenalectomy in cases of virilism in women frequently cured their homosexuality. Even when one is able to attack the psychological side one frequently finds that the patient does not wish to be cured but has been persuaded by friends, etc. Moreover, he has built up a homosexual environment so that cure means abandoning his friends, his way of living, and starting life anew.

The disposal of those perverts who do not respond to treatment is difficult, but one can confidently state that one has never seen a case influenced, except for the worse, by imprisonment. Possibly when the Law becomes more enlightened it will be able to deal with this type of pervert by some sort of segregation in which he is kept from harming the community without the degradation of imprisonment.

CLIFFORD ALLEN, M.D., M.R.C.P.

SIR,—I was very pleased to note that someone has had the courage to protest against the barbarous attitude of the law towards the discovered homosexual, whether delinquent or not. Mr. Reid might have gone further and asked for public enlightenment and tolerance towards this third race of people. The real trouble lies in the fact that the public in general imagines all homosexual men to be of the well-known but rare "nancy boy" type. This erroneous belief has led to the present state of affairs in which homosexuals are shunned, despised, and laughed at. In point of fact the great majority of homosexuals are indistinguishable, both in manner and appearance from normal people, and appear in all walks of life equally among boxers and athletes as among artists and waiters. They are also a substantial minority of the population variously estimated between one and five per cent. The average normal reader should try and appreciate that, although he does not realise it and has not detected it, nevertheless probably one out of every twenty of his friends or acquaintances are homosexuals.

The homosexual feels keenly and bitterly about the attitude of both the law and the public. He knows he cannot help his nature, any more than he could help being born blind or deaf, and he knows that there are more of his fellows about than blind or deaf people. What he would like is to be treated with the same tolerance and compassion that a blind or deaf person receives. He receives instead persecution and mockery and develops the characteristics of a member of a despised and hated minority. The more the pity is that he is more often than not an exceptionally decent and intelligent person who would be the last to get into the hands of the law.

Perhaps some distinguished and courageous person, religious, medical, psychological or political can be induced to commence a campaign to correct this cruel situation.

J. B. BAKER

HYMN TO ST. CECILIA

SIR,—I have waited till the last of the reviews of Britten's Hymn to St. Cecilia has come in to be sure that the NEW STATESMAN contains the only condemnation this record has had. As your reviewer's distinguished brethren say such things as "sung with almost incredible perfection" I am not disturbed about an honest opinion that is in a minority of one. But I think your critic ventures dangerously when he says that the performance was only an approximation to what the music should sound like. The recording, from beginning to end, was made under the direction of the composer, whose behaviour, when all was finished, showed his unmistakable satisfaction, not to say delight, in the presence of thirty people.

T. B. LAWRENCE.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

I HAVE been reading a collection of fifteen tales by Guy de Maupassant* in a French edition specially prepared for schools. It may be imagined that a very one-sided notion of his work is provided, for if a tacit ban is placed on the evidence of Maupassant's erotic curiosity the masterpieces have to go. *Boule de Suif*, with its wonderful picture of an army in disintegration and a countryside in panic, is outside the pale. And so, of course, are *La Maison Tellier* and *Une Fille de Ferme*. Instead the book opens with that overworked hack of the anthologies, *La Parure*, which has served far too long as a model for the commercial short-story writer, and includes other skilful conjuring tricks like *Un Lâche* and *A Cheval*. Only *En Famille*, the bitter comedy of the domestic life of a government clerk, *Sur l'Eau*, and the robust *Le Baptême* and *Une Vendetta* belong to the best Maupassant. A good defence of Mr. Green's choice would be that we read the best literature too young, at a time when our experience of life is too small, and that the schoolboy or schoolgirl would extract little beyond sexual titillation from stories like *La Maison Tellier*. This is not a defence that commends itself to me. English literature, as it is purveyed in schools, is dangerously romantic about sex, and does not lend itself to the creation of a tolerant, realistic, or humane understanding of the subject. The way of *Lorna Doone* is pretty, but it leads inevitably to sexual shock and cruelty. In any case, why inculcate in the growing mind only the romantic point of view? And there is another point of importance. Take away his sexual gaiety, his sexual realism, and even his horror of sex from Maupassant, and one is left with a writer of extraordinary bleakness; for he is chiefly interested, as Mr. Green points out in an excellent little preface, in the evil effect of poverty on character. The consolations of life for him were sex and usage. And of these only use made bearable the unremitting and meaningless irony of circumstance. It is interesting, here, to compare Maupassant's novel *Une Vie* with Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives' Tale*, which, one recalls, was prompted by Maupassant's book and which patiently attempts the same attitude of mind. Immediately one is struck by a strain of dry triviality and perfunctoriness in Bennett's masterpiece, a connoisseur's diffidence which keeps his people at a certain distance, whereas in *Une Vie* one is struck by the nearness of Maupassant to his Jeanne, the unguarded and sincere intimacy of his observation of her as a character. He is sexually aware of her. And his picture of her sexual reserve and of how, unexpectedly, it dissolves and she becomes a woman is the mark of Maupassant's superiority to Bennett as an intuitive artist. Jeanne is an obscure woman, but she is never trivial. The pessimism of Maupassant is pitying, sympathetic, and humane.

The importance of knowing Maupassant by his best work is all the greater because he was a prolific writer. Listening to the criticisms of his stories that have been made chiefly since the rise of Chehov, one is given the impression that he was simply a brilliant conjuror or special pleader. He has been held up as the arch-exponent of the trick plot, the cynical moral, and the surprise ending. Nothing could be less true of his best work. Where is the trick in *La Maison Tellier* or in *Une Fille de Ferme*? The test of the artificial story is its end. Do you, at the end of a story, feel that the lives of the people have ended with the drama of their situation? Do you feel that their lives were, in fact, not lives, but a situation? That is the artificial story. All short-story writers produce stories like this, for, like the sonnet, the short story is liable to become a brilliant conceit. But a large number of Maupassant's tales, and especially those which deal with the lives of the Normandy peasants, do not belong to this group. The ends of these tales are, so to speak, open. The characters go on living. They are beginning to live their way into a new situation. Rosa, in *La Maison Tellier*, will not be quite the same woman after she has taken the child into her bed. The *fille de ferme* is at the beginning of a new story when she tells her husband about her illegitimate child. The triumph of custom—the custom of avarice—justifies the girl in *L'Aveu* who sleeps with the carrier in order to save her fare, and you see her at the story's end, grown into the cramped, terrifying world of peasant poverty. It is a growth, not an end. It is true that in all these stories the characters are dominated by a strong, dramatic situation; but to call this method arbitrary, when one compares it with Chehov's, is mistaken. Chehov's subject was life, life breaking and running like a crystalline chain of raindrops upon the window. Now the drops run and pool together, presently they part, slide off on their own and momentarily catch the light in some new, fragile, and evanescent pattern. There are meetings and partings, crises and respites. Life for Chehov is an arpeggio of moments. But when Maupassant looks at the life of one of his characters he is a moralist thinking of the whole of their life. One has the sensation of seeing not merely the crises in *Boule de Suif*, but all of the lives of the people in that story. We come back to Maupassant's very French respect for usage. It is the peasant coming out in him. There is a negative virtue in our acceptance of fate. There are certain permanent things, he seems to say: poverty, hard work, the obligations of work, the begetting of one's kind. And into this circle the heart brings its awkward animal fire, often trodden down, but never quite extinguished. Moments are a reality in that life—the *fille de ferme* will never forget the moment when, dazed by the sunlight, she lay down on the straw in the barn and woke to strike the farm hand who crept up to touch her; nor will Jeanne, in *Une Vie*, forget that time, long after her marriage, when her miserly young husband suddenly, inexplicably, became desirable to her—but these moments are part of the grave and fatal pattern of their respective lives. There is indeed an appetite for life, a robust reaching out to life in Maupassant, and especially a love of animal life innocent and lazy in the country scene. Suppose, for a minute, that *La Maison Tellier* is a joke. I mean, suppose Maupassant did not originally intend to go beyond the farce suggested by the notice on the door of the brothel. And now look at the story again. How quickly he leaves the farce of the original idea behind. His animal spirits warm up, his heart expands; how quickly the idea ripens and becomes life itself. The description of the carriage ride through the dusty, dazzling countryside flashes with poetry; but it is an earthy poetry, written out of the heart and not twanged and tweaked on the nerves:

> Une lumière folle emplissait les champs, une lumière miroitant aux yeux; et les roues soulevaient deux sillons de poussière qui voltigeaient longtemps derrière la voiture sur la grand' grad' route

La Maison Tellier dazzles one like a May morning; but in the harder story, *Une Fille de Ferme*, one also sees the same pagan love of nature. When the girl runs away from the farm before dawn, thinking to drown herself, one sees the strange, mad aspect of the countryside before sunrise. The moon appears at its unexpected and crazy slope in the sky, and the fields lie in a yellowish light, and only the warm smell of the earth in the odorous Normandy morning and the play of the leverets in the furrows remind the girl that man may be mad but the earth is not. Maupassant's feeling for nature, a feeling that went back to his childhood, is the assurance of his sanity and his heart. And nature for him is the nature of a man close to the work of the land, close to the hunter—there he reminds one of Turgenev—and close to use. How simply, too, this nature distracts and heals the human sufferers for a while; the little boy who runs away from the boys who are jeering at him, and forgets his shame in playing with a frog. And, as I said before, I think it is from his closeness to the peasants' knowledge of nature that Maupassant got his sense of the pattern of fate or necessity in life.

The morbidity, the mere ingenuity and sentimentality of Maupassant have been explained as the bad wages of the doctrine of art for art's sake, but that criticism is not very valuable. Writers write badly when they write too much, and Maupassant's physical disease insured that he would write with a frenzied facility. At his second best he is still enjoyable simply because he has that gift which no theory can explain—original talent; and that quality which can't be obtained by taking thought—sincerity, which I take to be clarity and directness of mind. Whatever the idea of the moment, however poor or flippant, Maupassant gives himself up to it. I think this is true of a mechanical story such as the one where the man blows his brains out because he is afraid to show his fear of fighting a duel, or in that cynical story of the prostitute who attracts her customers in the cemetery by weeping at the grave of an imaginary husband. Maupassant has a huge range of character anecdote, if not a very wide range of character or situation, because of his curiosity. And "art for art's sake," plus curiosity, is a formidable combination. Usually, when this useful doctrine is attacked, the critic forgets that Flaubert, who was Maupassant's master, insisted that great curiosity was indispensable. The weakness of Maupassant's mind is that its atheism was cynical. It was a personal despair unsupported by any great intellectual structure—a quality in him which, oddly enough, as Mr. Desmond MacCarthy has reminded me, attracted Tolstoy: "What is truth if a man dies?" This atheism was not damaging to Maupassant when he was writing about the pagan Normandy of his childhood, but outside of that world cynicism left him isolated and he was reduced to seeing small, ironic, moral conundrums everywhere. There are accidental resemblances to Turgenev, who was also an atheist, in Maupassant; but he has neither the feeling of the sensitive aristocrat for his people nor anything to correspond with the mystical Russian cult of the humble. And he made no political judgments about his country as Turgenev did. Maupassant was a child of the disaster of Sedan, and that line from the opening of *Boule de Suif*: "L'angoisse de l'attente faisait désirer la venue de l'ennemi," reads like his epitaph, the inscription of an isolated and haunted man.

V. S. PRITCHETT

* 15 *Tales*. By GUY DE MAUPASSANT. Edited by C. Green. *Cambridge University Press*. 5s.

THE LYRIC STAGE

Annals of Opera 1597–1940. Compiled from the Original Sources by ALFRED LOEWENBERG. With an Introduction by EDWARD J. DENT. *Heffer*. £4 4s.

Out of the blue, with a formidable and surprising thud, there drops upon my desk a new and henceforward a classic work of reference. Paper, margins, majestic green buckram—all speak of an epoch not yet shamed into penury by the Squanderbug. But let the patriot check, for once, his itching and indignant pen: a publisher's note assures us that the book was planned, typesetting begun and paper obtained in the summer of 1939, since when the actual publication has been delayed by unforeseen difficulties. "Salute" then (as the B.B.C. so continually say) to the enterprising publishers and to the distinguished and tireless author! How long, one wonders, did these *Annals* occupy in preparation? Dr. Loewenberg speaks modestly of "many years," but the exact and loving scholarship revealed in each entry suggests a lifetime's devoted study. The claim in his subtitle is no idle one: second or third hand information has been disregarded and many inaccuracies which have been repeated in musical history and biography for generations have here been once and for all corrected.

> Whenever possible the dates and other particulars were collected from the original scores and librettos, from play-bills, contemporary newspapers and periodicals; next there came memoirs, letters and diaries, and the various bibliographical works,

catalogues and theatrical chronologies. For the more recent years, and for countries newspapers of which are not easily available, official publications of the opera-houses, and lists provided for the purpose by the authorities proved a great help.

The book is a chronicle, a "skeleton history of opera in dates and facts," the order being that of first performance. Four copious indexes, however (Operas, Composers, Librettists and "General"), give the work the additional value of a dictionary. Almost all expression of opinion is excluded; instead we find, under each opera, the date and place of its first production, the author and source of the libretto and the number of acts. There follows a mass of information varying in extent with the importance of the work in question; subsequent productions all over the world, translations, burlesques, adaptations, modern revivals. The shortest entries are of a line or two, the longest (*Don Giovanni*) runs to six pages.

Obviously, a musicologist's paradise. Here is the basis on which, some day, may be reared that not yet existing work, a satisfactory and comprehensive history of opera. The less seriously minded amateur will find it a wonderful bran-tub in which to rummage for significant or merely peculiar pieces of information. Did you know, for instance, how prolific a librettist was Catherine II of Russia? Or that the famous liaison of Turgenev and Pauline Viardot produced an opera, *Der Letzte Zauberer*, which was not only performed privately in the novelist's Baden-Baden villa in 1868, but positively "put on" at Weimar the following year? Everyone has heard of Gluck's rival, Piccinni, but how many could name his most successful work? It was *La Bonna Figluola*, and its renown was indeed extensive, for it is believed to have been performed once (in 1778) by a party of Italian Jesuits at the Imperial Court of Pekin. Almost as odd must have been the performance of Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète* in 1889 at Brisbane "in the universal language 'Volapuk,'" or, for that matter, of *The Geisha* in 1931 at the august Berlin Staatsoper (a charming red-and-gold auditorium now reduced to rubble). Curious, too, was the European scramble for the first production of *Parsifal* when the Bayreuth copyright expired on December 31st, 1913; nine cities achieved performances on January 1st, but Barcelona won with a session beginning at midnight. At this thought even the perfect Wagnerite may well flinch: *Parsifal*, if not the longest opera in the world, is surely the slowest! Thus, as one skips up and down the centuries, one discovers curious and otherwise inaccessible facts on every page; under 1637, for instance, a list, together with their periods of activity, of the thirteen principal opera houses of Venice, known mostly (like some London theatres) after their parishes; the list concluding with the still mercifully surviving Fenice. Again, under 1725 (*Rodelinda*) comes a synopsis of the inter-war Handel Renaissance in Germany: nineteen revivals between 1920 and 1938.

The copious information about revivals will make the book almost as useful to the intelligent impresario as to the scholar. One soon learns to distinguish between the pious "centenary" sort of revival and the successful reincorporation of a forgotten masterpiece into the current repertory. The international operatic repertory has a powerful tendency towards stagnation; every opera-house, whether subventioned or not, depends on a score or so of cast-iron successes to keep the pot boiling. Of these a few are masterpieces (*Meistersinger*, *Carmen*), others represent an immature phase of the composer's development (*Tannhäuser*, *Trovatore*, while some are frankly banal (*Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Faust*). From decade to decade the list changes, but with agonising slowness; meanwhile, nothing else can be guaranteed to fill the house. The next class includes operas whose appeal is primarily local, and those to which (as to *Love for Love*) the public can be coaxed by good casts, production, and publicity. Here we find many of the world's masterpieces: *Otello*, *Falstaff*, *Fidelio*, *Elektra*, *Pelléas*; most of Mozart; the Russians; Rossini outside the *Barbiere*. Given performances of real style and vitality, works generally regarded as commercially dead, Gluck for instance, might well be added to the list; many will recall the sensation made by the performances at Glyndebourne, just before the war, of that supposed corpse, Verdi's *Macbeth*. Last come the works of purely minority appeal, which can never pay their way, but in a truly musical community demand occasional revival; among these are Mozart's *Idomeneo*, Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew*, Bartok's *Bluebeard*, Busoni's *Doktor Faust* and Wolf's *Corregidor*. A tremendous effort on the part of everyone concerned, from the composer to the bill-sticker, is necessary if any new work, however admirable, is not automatically to take its place in this category—or, indeed, in the lowest of all, the hundreds dismissed by Dr. Loewenberg as "unsuccessful and never revived."

Why, one may ask, does the Doctor consider it necessary to descend at all into this lowest circle of the operatic inferno? Sometimes these works are the failures of distinguished men, or they possess some special historical interest; often, however, being no musicologist, I confess that I see no valid reason for their inclusion. Were a quarter of the entries to be scrapped, a few specialists might feel a trifle the poorer; but if the space so saved were devoted to amplifying the information about the really important works, most musicians would surely rejoice. I, for one, should like—first, for operas not based on familiar mythological or literary sources, a brief summary of the plot; secondly, the original casts (for Verdi's *Otello* only does Dr. Loewenberg provide this amenity); thirdly, a word of guidance regarding the available editions (*e.g.*, of Gluck), which can be so contradictory and puzzling to the layman.

In 1940, with a couple of dim Italian *premières*, the chronicle flickers out: total war is as hostile to this as to most other forms of art. The countries in which opera is truly a national necessity are few—Italy, Germany, Russia, perhaps Czecho-Slovakia—but in them its vitality is prodigious. How astonishing to hear of the Bayreuth and Salzburg Festivals surviving into 1943; of opera even at Kiev—*Fledermaus* and *Bohème* last autumn, *Tannhäuser* and *Aida* this very month (unless the Russians get there first). Elsewhere, too (even in England, climatically non-operatic) the attraction of opera seems constantly to spread; in America all accounts agree about the enormous popularity of the Metropolitan's coast-to-coast tours and weekly full-length commercially sponsored broadcasts. Sniffs from some quarters are naturally to be heard. "But it's not real! People, after all, *don't* sing": thus, in every generation and variously disguised, runs the protest of the philistine critic. Meanwhile, the public, blandly indifferent to pedantic objections, continues to pay for a musico-dramatic sensation which may be anything from ridiculous to sublime, but is at any rate totally unobtainable elsewhere. The art-form invented by Peri and Rinuccini in 1597 has not only produced an impressive brood of masterpieces, but shows every sign, after four and a half centuries, of obstinately declining to die.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

POEMS FROM THE RUSSIAN

Poems from the Russian. Chosen and translated by FRANCES CORNFORD and ESTHER SPOLIONOWSKY SALAMAN. *Faber and Faber.* 3s. 6d.

Russian poetry is not nearly so well known in this country as Russian prose, though it is in its own way quite as remarkable and original. All poetry is hard to translate, but Russian has hitherto been less fortunate than most other languages in its translators. If we omit the notable work of Mr. Maurice Baring, Professor Oliver Elton and occasional contributors to the *Slavonic Review*, the task has too often been undertaken by writers who have not mastered the difficult art of poetic composition and whose versions are turgid or careless or pretentious. So we must be grateful when an accomplished poetess like Mrs. Cornford turns her hand to this exacting work and gives us this charming little book which contains forty pieces from twelve famous Russian poets.

In her preface Mrs. Cornford tells, with engaging candour, how the translations were made. Since she herself does not know Russian, she was helped by Mrs. Salaman who translated poems word for word into prose for her and then guided her as she turned them into English verse. Such a method might be full of pitfalls, especially for one who holds Mrs. Cornford's high ideals of translation and believes that "a good translator should be able to perceive at once what is essential in a poem, both in words and in feeling." But in this case collaboration must have been as perfect as it can ever be, and Mrs. Salaman's guidance in interpretation a triumph of sympathetic understanding. For not merely is the scholarship impeccable, but the pieces stand in their own right as true poems which really resemble their originals in the effect which they produce on us. It is true that Mrs. Cornford does not always follow the Russian metres, and that for some this may spoil her versions of such melodious masterpieces as Pushkin's *The Prophet* and Lermontov's *Cossack Lullaby*. But this defect will, after all, not be visible to those who do not know Russian and is, in any case, unimportant in comparison with the real poetry of most of these pieces in their English form.

Russian poetry is difficult to translate because it combines feelings of a peculiar directness and intensity with a strict, exact form. It has no slackness in its outlines, no false emphasis, no redundance or rhetoric. Each word has its own work to do. The greater the poet, the greater are his clarity and expressiveness. That is why Pushkin, the prototype and inspiration of most Russian poets, so often defies adequate translation or seems, in his English versions, to be flat and undistinguished. But Mrs. Cornford is mistress of a pure and forceful English. She uses a simple, distinguished vocabulary and writes with a great effect of ease. Her best versions are those which are hardest to do, notably when she takes some of Pushkin's most famous poems and conveys their intense feeling and their classical finish. His real voice sounds in the opening of *The Crucifix*:

> When the last great and solemn act was played,
> And God in torment on the Cross was laid,
> Then at the foot of the life-giving rood
> Mary the sinner and Mary the Virgin stood,
> Two women side by side,
> Drowned in their grief's immeasurable tide,

and in the stanzas of *God grant me never to be mad*:

> Then I would hear the waves at night,
> And stare, possessed with all delight,
> Into the empty sky,
> Free like a tempest in whose wake
> The ruined branches strew the brake,
> And stricken harvests lie.

Nor are Mrs. Cornford's successes confined to Pushkin. She can change her manner to suit other poets who do not write in his way, and she skilfully catches Lermontov's more conversational tone in *Borodino* and *My Country*, rises easily to the stately manner of Nekrasov's *Hymn* or to the tender, elegiac intimacy of Akhmatova's *The White Bird*. She is able to adapt her style to writers so different as these because she has absorbed their spirit and because she is so fine an exponent of the art of verse.

C. M. BOWRA

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GOD'S CHILDREN

The Huguenots. By Otto Zoff. *Allen and Unwin.* 16s.

The path of the historian is beset with perils. Gins and quags gape on either side, and only writers of exceptional skill, intellect and integrity can avoid being ensnared. Traps are laid for the scholar. There is, for example, the Slough of Despond of Research which, as Bunyan warned us, has already swallowed up twenty thousand cartloads of wholesome instructions. Authors who heedlessly plunge in among those documents without the aid of the Interpreter never reach firm ground. At Doubting Castle the dungeons are full of hapless men who cannot bring themselves to put pen to paper. And, over the lea, there yawns the great Serbonian Bog of Scholarly Controversy where no more than three lines of text hover on each page and the borders run to seed in a riot of footnotes.

The disasters which surround the popular historian are not a whit less fatal. Pope and Pagan lie in wait to inveigle him to their lairs. Some are ravished by the charms of true blue sirens and grind out Tory history; others fall into the pit on the left hand side and interpret feudalism in terms of the class struggle. Most insidious of all is Vanity Fair, selling its wares of cheap epigrams and tawdry generalisations and putting improbable speeches into the mouths of the illustrious dead. This does not mean that those who stray from the narrow path do not sometimes produce entertaining books. We have been stimulated, for instance, by Mr. Belloc though he has these many years sat at the feet of Pope. The works of popular historians are often alive and interesting though they may not necessarily be good history.

Mr. Zoff is a popular historian. He skirts the Serbonian Bog—not a footnote intrudes on the even spacing of his pages. He also eschews the recesses of Vanity Fair. Vivid as his descriptions may be, they are neither vulgar nor inaccurate. He carries his burden of knowledge with ease and the story which he relates is lit with his enthusiasm, his literary ability and his attention to detail. His characters are invariably well portrayed. We see the curled and perfumed Henry III mince past surrounded by his minions; here is the amazing Condé, here the sequacious Anthony of Navarre, and there the sagacious Coligny staring gloomily at the dying embers of the fire. We watch the intelligent, tolerant, carnal Catherine de Medici scheming for power; and we hear, in the flickering candlelight of the Louvre, Charles IX mutter and sob in the arms of his nurse as the howls and groans of the massacred Huguenots echo as from a great distance through his haunted mind. We can smell the blood curdling in the gutters. On the surface is the story of internal politics in France, the machinations and struggles of kings, nobles, politiques and cardinals; and underneath the tale of the sufferings, the patience and faith of the men and women of the reformed religion singing their moving hymns, their metrical versions of the psalms, in temples without the city's wall.

It is clear, therefore, that Mr. Zoff understands the importance of the part individuals play in history. He skilfully sketches in the political but omits to consider sufficiently deeply the *historical* background. He has strayed into a rare but captivating arbour where he is so enthralled with the bizarre people who fill his pages that he does not weigh up the implication of the sum of events at any particular moment and hence his story—that maze of treaties, synods and edicts—is not fully intelligible. As a result, his work lacks rotundity, that amplitude which a full grown adult should possess. It would appear from his account that the trials of the Huguenots were due to the feebleness and iniquity of human beings alone; whereas, in fact, they were due to those curious concatenations of events which force men helplessly and unwittingly to act contrary to their own will and better judgment.

Why is history the most fascinating of all studies? Does it not lie in the difficulty of deciding how far events, institutions, the economic and political state of society have dictated men's actions, and how far men have themselves by their personality and initiative broken across the familiar patterns, altered the course of history and changed the shape of things to come? Mr. Zoff does justice to individuals; but he does not give full weight to the inexorable processes which mock men's most ardent hopes.

It is difficult to see how, even if their leaders had been more gifted, their opponents feebler, the Huguenots could have been more successful, so powerfully did the course of events and the structure of society conspire against them. It is true that as a body they were respectable—there was no rising of Anabaptists, Levellers, no peasant revolt (curiously enough Michelet cites this as yet another reason for their failure.) So much, however, militated to their disadvantage. The Crown already shared the profits and patronage in a Gallican Church, so the Kings of France were unlikely to follow Henry VIII's example. The Sorbonne still held considerable power and held the enemy at bay until reinforced by the Jesuits. Nor were the Huguenots better organised than their opponents. Mr. Zoff tends to regard them as a body united by Calvanist discipline. In fact they formed no fully organised party until after 1570; the aims of the nobles who led them were often far removed from the main body's: and their stories were shifting, melting formations dependent on the fortunes of the nobles who led them and often reinforced by mercenaries.

No central government could observe dispassionately a powerful, armed and rich minority party Not only did its demands menace the central authority—for liberty of conscience meant the liberty to oppress one's opponents; but as the loyalty of its leaders was suspect the Huguenots were suspect as well. Just as the League in its bigotry tried to sell out to Spain, so Rohan in the seventeenth century tried to obtain aid from first England and then Spain. Fortune was always against their establishing good relations with the Crown. Pavia forced Francis I to abandon toleration; the defeat of Genlis by Alva and the victory of Don Juan at Lapanto just sufficiently weakened Coligny's influence and Catherine felt herself able to strike. But for the fact that politically France was the natural ally of Protestants who were the natural enemies of the Hapsburgs, the Huguenots might well have met with even less success than they did.

In a sense it was even a disadvantage that they were led by Henry of Navarre. Convinced of the treachery of the Valois, Languet in the remarkable *Vindiciae Contra Tyrannos* tried to prove with arguments similar to Locke's that kings who broke the contract with the people might be deposed. But five years after it was written, Alençon died, Henry of Navarre became heir to the throne, the Huguenots lost their opportunity of becoming a radical party and henceforth supported the divine right of Henry to the throne. And the much praised Edict of Nantes left the existence of their synods in the hands of the king, thus throwing them back on to the nobles for support on Henry's death.

It is only the last phase which might have turned out differently. There was no moral or political necessity for the revocation of the Edict of Nantes—the Huguenots' teeth had been drawn by Richelieu. The dragonnades and the revocation bereft France of a quarter of a million of her subjects, much capital, good brains. One consequence of their expulsion is of particular interest. M. Weiss, the authority on their dispersion, estimates that no less than ten thousand settled in Berlin and transformed it from a dirty stable into an elegant city with a population four

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times its previous size. This envenomed policy created the capital of Prussia; France has often unconsciously been her worst enemy with regard to Germany. Later the writings of Gobineau and Bergson were to provide nourishment for the Nazi philosophy of race superiority and irrationalism. Such was the result of expelling a large proportion of the most vigorous and industrious subjects of the French State. We may take comfort from a similar expulsion in our own times. It is now—now after four years of war—when their cities are being destroyed, their U-boats baffled, when the tide of war is running against them, that the effect of their expulsion of scientists and intellectuals is telling agsinst the Nazis. They can no longer compete or keep pace with the inventions, the technical advances of their enemies. Intolerance is not only immoral; in the end it is foolish. Cast iniquity on the waters and it will return after many days.

NOEL ANNAN

DENISON ROSS

Both Ends of the Candle. By E. DENISON ROSS. *Faber.* 21s.

This is an interesting but rather unequal book. The spontaneous part of it is very good, though sometimes the writing is careless; but there are many pages padded out with a number of letters which will scarcely entertain the general reader. There are excellent passages such as an account of hearing Renan lecture one early morning in Paris, and the chapter on Lord Curzon does full justice to the subject.

Sir Denison Ross was to me in some ways a puzzle, though I knew him fairly well. He seemed almost too adaptable. He had a merry, schoolboyish side as when once he came to dinner at my house and brought two wonderful old cigars (1904 vintage) which took five hours to consume but were well worth consuming. There was the suggestion of an inferiority complex, which may have resulted from an unsuccessful career at Marlborough. His geniality, however, never failed and his talk was always lively. His great achievement (as Laurence Binyon wrote) was to bring the East and West together by his personal charm and versatility. Sir Denison summed up his own qualities as Director of the School of Oriental Studies as follows:

> (1) A capacity for taking in several matters simultaneously, e.g., to dictate a letter and at the same moment to answer some question suddenly asked and to be making notes about a third matter; (2) a bowing acquaintance with a great many languages and cultures, enabling me to show sympathy to all types of inquirers; and (3) enthusiasm for any branch of Oriental study and work.

It is to be hoped that the paper shortage, which has taught us economy during the war, may lead to shorter and terser books. Under the old system encouraged by the libraries, a publisher would offer fairly good terms for an autobiography, but it usually had to be about 80,000 words in length. This occasionally produced a real work of art such as the autobiographies of G. K. Chesterton and Arthur Waugh; but too often it meant that a man who had many other distractions and occupations besides authorship would sit down at intervals to piece together a narrative which had to be padded somehow. The redeeming feature in such cases (as in this) is, of course, that the book is like the curate's egg, excellent in parts, and Ross certainly leaves a most vivid portrait of himself and many of his friends. The photographs are well chosen and reproduced. Perhaps the best is the photograph of him in fishing attire.

His travels all over Europe and the Far East were prodigious, though he clung to his creature comforts and justly resented the absurdity of American prohibition while it was in force. He was gregarious and seemed to enjoy living in a crowd. His tastes were average, as in the case of music, about which he writes copiously and gives a list of his favourite composers which excludes Purcell, Handel, Bach and Mozart.

He excels in short sketches of human beings, as for instance about Renan:

> Not until after an attendance of two or three weeks had I the courage to present myself to Renan. Afterwards I had the privilege of conversing with him in his home. Everything he said was either informative or instructive. He made Biblical criticism as entertaining as a detective story. I remember his saying that he included *le costume* as the sixth of the fine arts. I have never met a more captivating personality, its captivatingness not due either to charm of looks or ostentatious affability. He was forthcoming but reserved; ponderous but light of touch. L'Éléphant was the name by which he was affectionately known to his colleagues.

His chapters on reading and reviewing are full of good criticism. His remarks on lending books are worth quoting:

> As a general rule, to lend a book is merely an ungracious way of making the borrower a present of it. The ungraciousness, moreover, is two-edged; for the lender begins by noting whether the volume contains his name or bookplate, and ends by saying with what reluctance it is that he lends books at all, while the borrower, hypnotised into believing that he will return the book, carries it off with sentiments that are more closely related to grievance than gratitude. This is the last the owner sees or hears of that volume. I have only known one individual who lost no books by lending them. He always insisted on the borrower placing a sovereign in the gap left in the shelf from which the book was taken. His friends never forgot their sovereigns. In short, it is a tremendous favour one asks, when requesting the loan of a book, yet as a rule the request is made in much the same tone of casualness as for a cigarette or a match.

At the end Mr. A. Denison Ross has pieced together the fragments of his uncle's last diary mostly recording the agony of losing his wife whom he did not long survive. Oddly enough the date of his death (September 20th, 1940) is not given. In his life Sir Denison certainly followed Flaubert's counsel, "Vivre sa vraie vie, sentir son vrai moi."

E. S. P. HAYNES

The Sky's the Limit! Lord Beaverbrook at the Ministry of Aircraft Production. By DAVID FARRER. *Hutchinson.* 6s.

Mr. Farrer, who worked in M.A.P. under Lord Beaverbrook in a position he does not specify, writes with the enthusiasm of an advocate rather than with the impartiality of a judge. Even such adverse criticisms as he allows himself are artfully contrived to win the reader's sympathy. Counsel on the other side are yet to be heard, and the evidence on which to assess Lord Beaverbrook's work at M.A.P. is still mostly unavailable. Meanwhile, this book is incomparably more skilful than the usual run of such panegyrics.

Very vivid and entirely without vulgarity, it offers a most amusing and sympathetic picture of Lord Beaverbrook vanquishing the hydra of red tape, overriding Air Marshals and Nuffields, extracting useful enemy aliens from the toils of the Home Office, seizing premises earmarked by other Ministries, paying for whole factories to be built in America, overwhelming every obstacle, however solid and legitimate, to the production of aircraft. Mr. Farrer admits that this was short-term policy, but makes a fine case for its necessity and success. History in fact has already decided that in May, 1940, it was right to sacrifice every other form of armament to aircraft. The weaknesses inevitable in a mercurial nature that thinks in short terms are no less apparent. The appeal to housewives to give up their aluminium saucepans—a very small instance—was not the success that Mr. Farrer pretends. The purpose was "to make the people feel they were hitting back personally at the enemy," for the material usefulness of the saucepans was small. But when the shops remained full of aluminium objects the donors rightly felt that they had been cheated. If the stuff was really so urgently needed, why did

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ot the Government commandeer it? Thus in the ong run cynicism was engendered and a reluctance o answer more genuine appeals and a disbelief in the horoughness of the Government. From which one ay conclude that if Lord Beaverbrook had been made Minister of Information, the result would have been alamitous. When M.A.P. could afford a long-term olicy, Lord Beaverbrook resigned: "It is part of his haracter to lose interest when the crisis is over." ut it remains probable that some of his unorthodox ethods could most profitably be applied to all Govern-ent offices, in particular his delegation of responsi-ility to individuals instead of to committees. Mr. arrer pays handsome tribute to a number of Lord eaverbrook's subordinates, but the chief charm of this xciting story is the sympathetic portrait of one ngagingly, dangerously, valuably dynamic character.

ur Towns: A Study by the Hygiene Committee of the Women's Group on Public Welfare. *Oxford University Press.* 5*s.*

This is the third printing of the survey which aused a sensation when published earlier this year. vacuation of our industrial centres at the outbreak f war brought thousands of people into close contact ith the squalor of the "submerged tenth" of our opulation for the first time. Four years of war since en have tended to make us forget the shock of the iscovery that the lowest social groups live in con-itions of filth against which the better spirits, even the dirt of the eighteenth century, have always evolted. There is no longer any excuse for our retending ignorance. In this survey, the facts are ot only set out clearly and without prejudice but are aced back to their social causes. Each section ends ith admirably practical recommendations, capable of mmediate action without waiting for the questions of ng-term planning to be settled. But once it has en read there will be few who will not see questions f reconstruction in a new light, who will not feel a ew determination to remove the social as well as the aterial causes of slums.

Week-end Competitions

No. 711

et by Fred Oyster

We offer the usual prizes for the best limericks on ther illnesses or fishes.

ULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and hould be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, September 27th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 708

Set by Brian Hill

> "A sweet disorder in the dress
> Kindles in clothes a wantonness,"

wrote Robert Herrick. Competitors are invited, in not more than 20 lines of verse, to give Herrick's comments on the appearance of the A.T.S., W.R.N.S. or W.A.A.F.

Report by Brian Hill

The Scots yield to no race in patriotism especially where poetry is concerned. All the same, it was surprising to find Herrick expressing himself in the accents of Burns. This entrant mistook his Robert, I fear. For the rest, too many competitors took the easy course of producing verbal parodies of "Delight in Disorder" without much attempt to capture the spirit of the poet.

Among the lines that took my fancy were:

> "God send she hath not jilted me
> To wanton with Austerity."
> (STANLEY J. SHARPLESS)

> "A breast's twin-turrets boldly buoy'd
> 'Neath the tempestuous Pegamoid."
> (PATRICK THORNHILL)

> "Myself unmanned I do aver
> Since War has made a man of *her*."
> (HASSALL PITMAN)

> "Twin wings on her two sleeves are sewn;
> Thus angels mark her for their own."
> (GRASSHOPPER)

I liked, too, Leslie Johnson's opening:

> "Whenas in drab my Julia struts
> Methinks too manifestly juts
> The Vesture that her Tailour cuts",

and Bonaventure's "rigid, parcell'd dress" is charming. But there was no doubt about the winner. F. C. C. outdistanced all her rivals with the greatest ease. I recommend that £3 3*s.* of the prize money go to her, and that the remaining guinea be shared between G. H. R. and D. C. R. F. (although I deplore the latter's "inaccessibilit*ee*.")

ON AMARYLLIS IN THE A.T.S.

> Say, wo'd Venus weep or laugh
> At the Bulgeing of her Calfe?
> Wanton Cupid sigh or smile
> For those Proppes of khaki lisle?
> Co'ld he, fingering, unfurl
> Sausage after Sausage Curle?
> Co'ld he folde his winges and rest
> On her brassie-buttoned Breast?
>
> No fair Tresses stray, alack,
> Down the Desert of her back:
> No fond Heart hath ever bled
> For her Mouth's mechanick Red.
>
> Ah noe! Ah noe!
> Who could love a maiden so?
> All ye ATS come flee away
> Till a peace-time Holyday!
>
> Till Diana glister high
> In the untempestuous sky,
> Bright with her attendant Starres,
> Ye shall be a gift to Mars. F. C. C.

TO JULIA—A.C.W.

> When Julia goes in W.A.A.F.'s attire
> She kindles as divine a fire.
> Her tresses by her cap confined
> Have lustre still to strike me blind,
> With promise of a feast as fair
> As when they floated on the air.
> Her gentle bosom is displayed
> Like hills with forests overlaid,
> And 'neath this neatness I descry
> The lands where pleasure's kingdoms lie.
> This straightness doth not please me less
> Then her clothes' former wantonness —
> By Revelation that led on,
> This stirs Imagination. G. H. R.

UPON HIS MISTRESS UNIFORM'D.

> Secure about her Shoulders sett
> With half a gilded Alphabet
> My Julia's Tunic caseth more
> Than her Nightgowne unclos'd before.
>
> The snowy Uplands of her breast
> A *Corps* of Buttons now invest;
> T'invade would unstrategick be
> Such inaccessibilitee.
>
> The spic and spannesse of her Dress
> Yet teacheth Herrick, he'll confess,
> The more to prize those Jewells few
> Her Armament hath left to view;
>
> Sith when (with half a Thousand mo'e)
> *Bellona's* Privatte shee do go
> Her eyes (outshining stille the Sunne)
> Demand instant Commission. D. C. R. F.

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THE fourteenth annual general meeting of Telephone Rentals Limited was held on 13th September in London.

Mr. Fred T. Jackson (chairman and joint managing director), in the course of his speech, said: It is now necessary for any firm requiring one of our telephone installations to obtain a licence from the Board of Trade, but few licences are being granted. In this connection I have an extraordinary story to tell, and I tell it because I feel that the time has arrived when someone should voice opposition to the ignorance and bureaucratic control which is imposed on our business by the Board of Trade. When the Board of Trade Order was put into force for the licensing of internal telephone installations, I, with my colleague, Mr. Philcox, had interviews with the particular director for this section, and pointed out to him the necessity for having quick methods of communication in factories and other business organisations. I placed before the Board of Trade hundreds of letters, all from leading firms in this country, stating that it was impossible for them to carry on their business efficiently without the aid of our service. From all the effect it had I can only come to the conclusion that the director concerned did not take the trouble to read the letters.

I then suggested to the Board of Trade that they should at any time come down to our Head Office and select a list of names of our subscribers for their representative to visit in order to obtain the opinion of such subscribers as to the value of our installations. This was more than four months ago. Nothing has been done.

The report was adopted, and a final dividend of 6 per cent., making 10 per cent. for the year, was approved.

Accommodation Offered and Wanted.

S/LT. R.N.V.R.'s wife offers share Georgian house, furn., nr. Hampton Court, to married couple or young mother with/without infant. Oct. 1st. Box 1895.

LARGE furnished bed-sitting room to let in Leatherhead district from Oct. 1st to lady out at work all day. Rent £2 per week, inclusive of cleaning, laundry, heating, lighting, use of kitchen and bathroom. Advertiser is 30, has two children of five and four, and would welcome someone cheerful and friendly, fond of children, animals and gardening. Phone Bookham 159.

GROUND floor flat in private house offered for slight services rendered. Suit mother and daughter. 45 Valleyfield Rd., Leigham Court Rd., Streatham.

COMFORTABLE home offered working lady by officer's widow, private house, Holland Park. Meals opt. Nr. Tube. Mod. Box 1910.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c., garden. Rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 2½ *gns.* Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

OXFORD. Kindergarten teacher wants room, part board, could give help. Box 1944.

To Let and Wanted

SMALL furnished flat in old Hampstead cottage. All electric, constant hot water, single, quiet tenant preferred. £7 10*s.* per month. P. P., c/o Page, 34 High St., Hampstead, N.W.3.

FURNISHED flat available now. Ladbroke Road, W.2. One sitting, 2 bedrooms, combined kit. and bathrm. C.h.w. Box 1943.

WANTED. 2-3 room flat in or near Central London. Could exchange one-room flat in modern block. Box 1901.

ANYWHERE. Small furn. house req., R.A.F. officer, wife, 2 good children, conven. unessent. Daily easy reach London. Box 1906.

PROFESSIONAL woman wants small unfurnished flat or share flat near Finchley Road Station. Box 1896.

ACCOM. (6-8 rooms) req. in London house for small German Theological College. Rev. W. Buesing, 21 Bloomsbury St., W.C.1.

To Let and Wanted—continued

OWING daughter's temporary incapacity, advertiser needs for several months small furn. bungalow/cottage, cntry., good cond., easy reach London. Own linen, cutlery. Box 1940.

COLONEL and Wife, no children, want furnished cottage, October 1st, within 30 miles London. Own linen, china, etc. Telephone, garden essential. Box 1880.

HOUSE wanted, furnished or unfurnished. 2-6 bedrooms, 20-50 miles London. B., 183 The Parkway, Iver Heath, Bucks.

OXFORD or Thames Valley, near bus or main line. Wanted from late October for duration, furnished or partly furnished house in own grounds with outhouses. About 8 bedrooms, modern conv. Good rent offered. Box 1780.

Where to Stay and Restaurants

WINTER in the Country. Paying guests received in delightful Sussex country house. 3 *gns.* per week. Box 1946.

A SHORT rest and change will enable many people to carry on. Lovely and peaceful surroundings, a tranquil atmosphere. Tennis, Squash, and many unique features await you at Langdale Estate (N), Gt. Langdale, Nr. Ambleside. Tel.: Grasmere 82.

IDEAL Autumn Holidays. Rambling in West Surrey. Brochure, Morris Lodge Hotel, Gong Hill, nr. Farnham. (Frensham 362.)

EXCLUSIVE Bengal (India) Restaurant, 13 Percy Street, W.1 (Tottenham Court Rd. Tube). Parties, 150 people, separate room. No cover charge. Meals from 2*s.* 6*d.* Open every day, late night. Museum 3384.

RESTAURANT L'Orient, 56 St. Giles High St., adj. Tottenham Court Rd. tube. Indian curries, Continental specialties, chicken and wiener schnitzel daily. Luncheons, teas and dinners. Open daily.

EAT any time before 10.30 p.m. at Greek Restaurant (Jupiter's Pillars), 32 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2. Room for parties. Lunch, Tea, Dinner. Two mins. Holborn or Covent Garden Tube. HOL. 6283. C. Demetriou.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m. Charcoal grill.

Entertainments

WHITEHALL (Whi 6692). For a ltd. season. Evenings 6.30. Wed., Thu., Sat., 2.30. Lydia Kyasht presents "Russian Ballet."

FIRST of 4 Czechoslovak Concerts, Wigmore Hall, Friday, Sept. 24th, at 6.15. Smetana Programme, the Long-Kersey-Whitehead Trio, R. Herlingerova, L. Puchsova, R. Pech. Programmes and Series Tickets 10s., 18s., 28s. until Sept. 20th, from the Czechoslovak Institute, 18 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Single tickets, 3s., 5s., 8s. from Hall.

VERLAINE-Fauré-Debussy. Wigmore Hall, W.1. Mon. next, Sept. 20th, at 6.15 p.m. Sonates pour violoncelle et piano, mélodies et suite bergamasque. Sophie Wyss, Margaret Good, William Pleeth, Jacques Duchesne. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., from Hall (WEL 2141) or Musical Culture Limited, 295 Regent Street, W.1.

QUEEN Mary Hall, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. (Stn., Tottenham Ct. Rd.). Sat., Sept. 18th, at 3. Globe Concerts present Ivry Gitlis (Violin), Margaret Chamberlain (piano), Anne Baker (Diseuse). Brahms, Paganini, Ravel, Drinkwater, etc. Tickets, 5s. 3d., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., Chappell's (May. 7600), usual agents, at Hall, or Globe Concerts (Cun. 6456).

LONDON Philharmonic Arts Club, in the Reading Room (1st floor), Polytechnic, Regent Street, W.1. Mon., Sept. 20th, at 7.30 p.m. A Talk on Ballet by Ninette de Valois. Fri. (24th), 7.30. Record Recital of works by Stravinsky. Admission (non-members) 1s. 6d. Full particulars of membership from Secretary, 295 Regent St., W.1. (LAN. 2572.)

JAY Pomeroy's Festival of Russian Music (auspices of Music, Art and Drama Soc.), Albert Hall, Sept. 20th to 24th, at 7; Sept. 25th, at 2.30. Cambridge Theatre, Sept. 19th and 26th, at 2.30. London Symphony Orchestra, John Barbirolli, Basil Cameron, Anatole Fistoulari and leading soloists. Works by 18 Russian composers. Send 2d. stamp for programmes. Tickets at Hall (Ken. 3661), Theatre (Tem. 2527), usual agents, and Ibbs & Tillett, 124 Wigmore St. (Wel. 8418).

CZECHOSLOVAK—British Friendship Club, 27 Palace Court, W.2. Tuesday, Sept. 28th, 6.30, Wigmore Hall. Myra Hess, the Griller String Quartet. Mozart, Suk, Dvorak.

ARTS (TEM. 7541). Festival of English Comedy. Rivals, Constant Couple, Magistrate, Misalliance, Watched Pot. Th. Mem., 5s.

UNITY. "Spanish Village," by Lope de Vega. Thurs. to Sun., 7.30. Mems. & Affils. EUS. 5391.

Exhibitions, Lectures and Meetings

EXHIBITION, Joint Committee for Soviet Aid. Prize-winning posters (by members of Army and art students), photos, continuous film-show, 229 Regent St. (opp. Dickins & Jones). Daily 10–6.30, Sept. 13th–Oct. 3rd.

BRITISH Soldiers. Exhibition of Pastels by Eric Kennington. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10–5.30. Sats., 10–1.

PAINTINGS and Drawings by Harold Gilman, Watercolours by John Cluysenaar. Alex Reid & Lefevre, Ltd., 12 King St., S.W.1. Daily 10–5.30. Sats., 10–1.

BRADFORD Branch, Social Security League Inauguration. Clement Davies, M.P., Bishop and Mayor support. Sept. 18. Assembly Rms., Oddfellows Court, Thornton Rd. 3 p.m.

SATURDAY Tea-Time Meetings of the International Forum are held at 5 p.m. each fortnight at the City Literary Institute, off Drury Lane, W.C.2: Sept. 18th. Leslie Green, LL.B., on "Japan"; October 2nd, Vernon Porter, M.A., on "Common Wealth." (Admission Free. Collection—Canteen). Also joint conference with "World Unity Movement." Sat., Sept. 25th, with Senor de Madariaga at 2.30 and Dr. David Mitrany at 5. (Few reserved seats only, 1s. Apply Sec. at once by letter.)

HOW Marxism Can Help Us To-day: Sunday evenings at 6.30 p.m. September 26th, Ted Bramley: "How Man Came Into Existence"; October 3rd, Prof. Farrington: "Why Political Systems Change"; October 10th, Prof. Haldane: "The Function of Science in Society"; October 17th, Arthur Horner: "Marxism in Practice—A New Civilisation"; October 24th, R. Palme Dutt: "Marxism and Democracy." At the Caxton Hall, Westminster. 8s. per series. 2s. for single lecture. Tickets from Marx House, 1 Doughty Street, W.C.1. Exhibition on the Life and Work of Karl Marx.

LONDON Scientific Film Society. 1943/44 Season. 5 shows. Sat., 5 p.m. Cent. London, beginning Nov. 6. Details: 73 High Holborn.

BUDDHISM. Meeting at 8 Endsleigh Gdns., W.C.1. Sat., Oct. 2nd, 3.30 p.m. Short talks by speakers from Buddhist viewpoints. Partics.: A. S. B. Glover, 14 Caversham Rd., N.W.5.

INTERNATIONAL Arts Centre, 22 St. Petersburgh Place, W.2. Sept. 17th, W. J. Turner: "A Musical Survey"; Sept. 24th, Christian Humphreys: "The Religious Philosophy and Art of China." 7.30. Admission 2s.

"PROBLEMS of Freed Europe—the challenge to medical sciences." Conference, Essex Hall, Essex St., Strand, W.C.2. Sat., Oct. 2nd, 2.30–7 p.m. Tickets, 1s. Assoc. of Scientific Workers, 59 New Oxford St. Tem. 4594.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Sunday Meetings, 11 a.m. Sept. 19th: C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit., "The Townsman's Countryside."

"SOVIET Theatrical Design," Jack Chen, Sept. 19th, 7 p.m. 9 Fitzroy Sq., W.1. Arranged by S.C.R. and C.S.C.A. Tickets at door, 1s. Next week: "The Soviet Children's Theatre," Bertha Malnick.

PUBLIC Lunch Hour Address at Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. September 21st, 1.20 to 2 p.m. "Christian Victory." Francis E. Pollard.

Lectures—continued

ANEURIN Bevan on "A Future Policy for the Labour Party," 7.30 p.m., Mon., September 20th, National Trade Union Club, 12 Gt. Newport Street (Nr. Leicester Sq. Tube). (Central London Fabian Society).

ALL-Party Meeting to celebrate Red Army victories, Stoll Theatre, W.C.2, 3 p.m., Sun., Sept. 26th. Spkrs.: R. Boothby, M.P.; J. R. Campbell, S. O. Davies, M.P.; Capt. G. Grey, M.P.; Geoff. Mander, M.P.; Lord Strabolgi. Tickets (1s., 2s.) from Russia To-day Society, 130 Southampton Row, W.C.1.

"NATIONALISM in Art." Dr. Helen Rosenau. Weds., 6.30. "25 Years of Architectural Visits," F. C. Elliston-Erwood, F.S.A. Tuesdays, 6.30. Marylebone Literary Institute (Grammar School). Entrance, Lisson Grove.

W.E.A. London Central Branch. The new season's classes at 28 Woburn Square, W.C.1. "Principles of Economic Planning," lecturer, Phyllis Deane, Mon., Sept. 20th, 6.30 p.m. "Social Biology," C. L. Foster, Tues., Sept. 21st, 6.30 p.m. "Literature," A. R. Walker, Thurs., Sept. 23rd, 6.30 p.m. "Appreciation of Music," L. Bray, Thurs., Sept. 23rd, 6.30 p.m. "Crime and Its Treatment," Herman Mannheim, Friday, Sept. 24th, 7.0 p.m. "International Institutions," A. Schwarzenberger, Sat., Oct. 2nd, 2.15 p.m. Further particulars, Olive Bowtell, 26 Drive Mansions, S.W.6.

W.E.A. West London Branch, announce informal meetings on Reconstruction at 7.30 p.m. on Tues. evenings in Sept. 21st: "The London Plan"; 28th: Mrs. Joan Clarke on "Reform of Medical Service." Discussion on Winter Classes. All welcome at Fulham Central Library, 598 Fulham Rd., S.W.6. (14 bus or Parsons Green Station), B. Kyle, Hon. Sec., 80 Napier Court, S.W.6.

Appointments Vacant and Wanted

None of the vacancies for women advertised in this journal relates to a woman between 18 and 41 unless such a woman (a) has living with her a child of hers under the age of 14, or (b) is registered under the Blind Persons Acts, or (c) has a Ministry of Labour permit to allow her to obtain employment by individual efforts.

COUNTY of Berks. Assistant County Welfare Officer. Berkshire County Council invite applications subject to the Employment of Women (Control of Engagements) Order, 1942, from duly qualified women for the appointment of Assistant County Welfare Officer for East Berks which consists of the Boroughs of Maidenhead, New Windsor and Wokingham and the Rural Districts of Cookham, Easthampstead, Windsor and Wokingham. Applicants should have a knowledge and some experience of social work and the administration of war-time and residential nurseries and hostels. A Social Science Certificate or similar qualification will be an advantage. Salary, £250—£12 10s.—£275. The Council will pay travelling expenses in connection with the appointment in accordance with their Scale, but the person appointed must provide her own motor car. Forms of application, fuller particulars and conditions from the undersigned on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. Applications returned not later than October 2nd, 1943. Envelope marked "Assistant County Welfare Officer for East Berks." H. J. C. Neobard, Clerk of the Berkshire County Council.

BERKSHIRE County Council. Wartime Nursery, Woodley, Nr. Reading. Applications are invited from fully-trained certificated teachers with experience of young children or trained persons with Nursery School or Nursery Classes experience for the post as Warden at the above. Accommodation is available on the Nursery premises. Application forms and fuller particulars from the undersigned on enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. Closing date, 22/9/43. H. J. C. Neobard, Clerk of the Council. Shire Hall, Reading.

APPLICATIONS invited by the Central (Technical and Scientific) Register for the post of Dietitian (Woman) in the Food Advice Division of the Ministry of Food. Candidates should possess a pure science degree and a Diploma in Dietetics recognised by the British Dietetics Association; salary £275×15 to a maximum of £320 p.a., plus war bonus. Applications to The Sec., Central (Tech. and Scientific) Register, Ministry of Labour and National Service, Alexandra House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, quoting the reference ON.F.1425.

YOUTH Organiser wanted by the London Co-operative Society Ltd. Duties: Organising and supervising of co-operative youth activities among juniors and adolescents. Salary commensurate to qual. and exp. Applications by Oct. 4th, to Education Department, London Co-operative Society Ltd., "Pioneer House," Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1, marked "Youth Organiser."

APPLICATIONS invited from women with teaching and psychological qualifications and nursery school experience, for a vacancy as Travelling Nursery Adviser. Salary, £275—£350 p.a., according to exp. Full details and refs. to: Secretary, Provisional National Council for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St., W.1.

WANTED. Visiting science teacher twice wkly. Hurtwood School, Peaslake, Surrey.

WAR Service with the Y.W.C.A. Leaders and Assistants for clubs for women in H.M. Forces in many parts of country. Knowledge of catering, snack cookery and ability to organise informal recreation. Salaries £80–£150 resident: non-resident to scale. Interviews can generally be arranged locally. Women under 41 can be accepted for these posts subject to obtaining a permit from the Ministry of Labour. Applicants (not over 55 years) should write to Personnel Sec., Y.W.C.A. National Offices, 16 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

Appointments—continued

RECREATION and Welfare Officer wanted for modern Industrial Hostels for war workers. Vacancies for entertainments, sports and leisure time organisers as well as for trained welfare workers. Persons with aptitude for the work will be taken on as assistants and trained. The work is interesting and offers an opportunity for work of national importance to persons of the right social temperament. Salaries, women, £200–£300, men £250–£350, plus accommodation and full board. Salaries for assistants according to qualifications. Application form and general outline of duties will be supplied on application to Personnel Officer, National Service Hostels Corporation Limited, Central House, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, for which stamped addd. envlp. shd. be enclosed.

MIDDLESEX, Mill Hill School. Applications to fill the post of Headmaster which will be vacant in the New Year are now invited. Addressed to Clerk to the Court of Governors, William Regan, 45 The Avenue, Cheam, Surrey, by Tues., Oct. 12th. The new headmaster will be expected to take up his duties in Jan. or May, 1944. Application form and particulars from the Clerk to the Court, as well as a statement concerning the School, which pending its return to Mill Hill is in evacuation at St. Bees, Cumberland. The headmastership is open to members of any Christian denomination.

URGENTLY required Young nursing school trained teacher for nursery group mornings and handiwork older group afternoons, in progressive boarding school. Apply Beverley School, nr. Blair Atholl, Calvine 222.

WANTED, Business Executive for political monthly. Pref. with experience of press contact work. Salary about £260. Federal Union, 3 Gower St., W.C.1. Museum 3747.

ADVERTISING Agency want young man (exempt) for Account Executive work. Previous exp. essential. Apply to C. R. Casson Ltd., 10 Hertford St., W.1.

WENNINGTON Hall School, via Lancaster, req. music teacher, housekeeper, domestic, nursery and kindergarten helpers. Adequate remun. community basis.

ESTABLISHED and rapidly expanding firm in mid-Herts, handling aircraft products, requires senior woman (over 41) as assistant to Managing Director's secretary. Must be shorthand-typist, have knowledge of export procedure, and be able to work on own initiative. Progressive, well-paid post for suitable, intelligent person. Box 1935.

UNUSUALLY interesting opportunity trust and responsibility small students' hostel community, beautiful country. Urgently Req. for catering woman knowledge food reform interest youth education essential, well paid. Box 1947.

DOMESTIC help urgently needed in Boys' Country Preparatory School in Scotland. Would offer education of child in return for services. Secretary also wanted on same terms. Apply Box 1841.

GOOD salary and comfortable home in country for friendly alien willing to help house and/or educate two sm. girls. Walker, Groton, Boxford, Suffolk.

EXPERIENCED cake cook required for home made cake shop. Plenty of free time. Residential. Separate rooms. Good conditions. On bus route in country town. Safe area. Charwoman for rough work. State salary. Box 1969.

AVAILABLE part/full-time for interesting respons. work, mech. engineer (40), exempt. Widely travelled, versatile, sound indust. and export exper. Knowledge patents. Fluent French, German. At present teaching (maths., physics). Post-war prospects important. Write Box 1787.

YOUNG man, well educated, exempt M.S., wishes literary/library work. French, German, Ital., Russ., Span., typing (no figures). Write Kirk, 24 Strouden Av., Bournemouth.

CAMB. Econ. Grad. (Stats.), 24, exempt, wd. welcome new int. job. Box 1954.

GRADUATE Woman (Art Historian), exp. various kinds of research work, art trade, book trade, teaching, reqs. suit. position. Box 1942.

OPEN-air job wanted, 3 days a week, by cultured travelled man, vegetarian. Home counties preferred. T.B., 19 Holland Park Gardens, W.14.

YOUNG woman seeks post as secretary in co-educational boarding school. Free January. Apply Box 1930.

RUSSIAN. Young man, university graduate, discharged Forces, first class knowl. Russian, seeks translating/interpreting post. Box 1893.

Schools and Educational

BADMINTON School, Lynmouth, N. Devon. Junior and Senior Schools. High standard of education in atmosphere of security and calm.

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PINEWOOD, Crowborough, proposes moving fr. Cornwall to Hertfordshire. St. Mawgan 279.

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WANTED urgently. Electric polisher. Any make, good condition. Hurtwood School, Peaslake. Tel.: Abinger 119.

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POETRY Folio 4: New verse by Manning Moore, Rhys, Ann Ridler, &c. 1s. 3d. post free, 5s. year. Ed. Comfort & Wife, Havengore, Tudor Rd., Barnet.

ON the National Question in India, "Pakistan and Indian National Unity," by G. M. Adhikari, 6d., or 7d. post free from publishers, Labour Monthly, 134 Baker Lane, London, N.3.

BERMALINE Bread pleases all the family because it is so delicious. It makes appetising sandwiches. It restores energy. It is easily digested. Try it. Ask Baker, to write Bermaline, Fairley St., Glasgow, S.1.

WATCHES wanted, new, old, disused, out of order. Top prices paid. Send registered. Cash or offer by return. Kay (N.S.), 19 Hopwood Ave., Manchester, 4.

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FOR SALE.—Evening shoes, size 2, narrow fitting, medium heel; Astronomical telescope, 4in. objective, by Clarke, Dublin, £5. Brown Dispatch Case, finest grain, 4 divisions, 2 straps, key, excellent condition, £4; German Linguaphone Records, etc., new, £8; Typewriter, Corona portable, excellent condition, 3-keyboard, best offer; "Finnegans Wake," excellent condition.

WANTED.—China teapot, 1 pint, not exceeding £1, Quimper or Lunéville preferred; Ice axe (state make); pair of ladies' climbing boots; Up to six units Unix bookcases with/without glass fronts; Second hand Norwegian Linguaphone set; Finnish bentwood chairs (small); "No Phantoms Here," by J. Hodson; Jenks "Book of English Law."

Send no money or goods in reply to these advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. *Readers' Market*, 10 *Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. & details. Charge under this heading* 1s. 6d. *first word* 6d. *a word after, including forwarding replies.*

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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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BACKING THE WRONG HORSES

MR. Churchill did full credit to the good news about submarine war, progress on the battlefields and efforts to co-ordinate our policy with Russia's. At the coming conference between the three Foreign Offices there is much to discuss, for we doubt whether agreement yet exists, even in outline, about the settlement with Germany, the reorganisation of Europe, or the nature of the future World Authority. Whether on all these matters Moscow has yet worked out any definite plan we do not know, but it is hard to see how any American representative could finally commit his country, until after the elections of next year. Any settlement in this war must be global and organic. It is not possible to leave the question of Germany out of the general framework and solve it in a vacuum. We should not expect from this first conference more than a voyage of exploration over this wide field, all of it mined and strewn with obstacles. For that reason the promise of a permanent commission of the three Allies to discuss current questions affecting the whole Mediterranean area marks an even more important advance. As the war nears the Balkan Peninsula Russia's interests are even more deeply involved than our own and the need for a working understanding over politics as well as strategy is imperative.

Mr. Churchill made his answer to those who have criticised the delay that elapsed between Mussolini's fall and the landing on the Italian mainland. The interval was long and it enabled the Germans to mass a formidable army in North Italy. The layman is inclined to argue that if September 15 was fixed as the date for the landing on the assumption that the Italians would oppose us, it should have been possible to hasten it by much more than a week, when it turned out that the Italians would actually help us. The official reply is that the technical job of arranging transport for a great army is under any circumstances prolonged and intricate. But that does not remove the strong impression that Allied plans have been dangerously inelastic. Our Intelligence seems to have failed to acquaint the staff with the real state of Italian opinion; otherwise the expedition to Sicily could have occurred much earlier. But Intelligence never appreciates the value of a popular movement if it has a revolutionary character.

Mr. Churchill suffers from the same defect. What disturbs us in his conduct of the war is his neglect of psychology and his tendency to ignore the masses, both in the subjugated and in the Axis countries. How could Mr. Churchill avoid mentioning the vital fact that the brave men who are now fighting the Nazis in occupied countries, sometimes, as in the Balkans, with marked success, cannot in the nature of things maintain the virility of their attack if their hopes of Allied invasion are too long deferred? Again, as we read the events in Italy, Mussolini was overthrown first of all by the workers who struck in Turin and Milan and then by the refusal of their brothers in the army to risk their lives for his regime. We doubt whether the personality of Badoglio or the tarnished prestige of the House of Savoy added anything at all to the weight of the general will. All they did was to register it. Today the real moral force on our side comes not from this pair of turncoats, but from the popular movement of resistance organised by men who never bent their heads to the tyrant during twenty years of slavery. We missed in Mr. Churchill's speech any word of recognition for the courage of these men or the services they have rendered. It will damp their enthusiasm, as they struggle unaided with the Germans in the cities and mountains of the North to learn from Mr. Churchill's mouth that the weak king of whom they wish to rid themselves is still for us the only authentic head of the Italian people. His demand that anti-Fascist exiles should fight behind Badoglio will cause general dismay. Again Mr. Churchill missed the chance of softening for these men who are risking their lives for the common cause as surely as our own troops, the crudity of "unconditional surrender." All he told them of the settlement he means to dictate is that the Italian Empire is irretrievably lost. Over that the workers and professors will not grieve. But by a happy accident in the debate a really valuable assurance was conveyed by Mr. Eden. He denied the widespread slander that we propose to annex Sardinia and Sicily. We have argued for many months that our intentions in such matters as this ought to be plainly stated. We cannot ask Italians to fight for us, while we leave them uncertain whether we mean to dismember their country. By delaying to deny these stories London and Washington have given them a needlessly long career of mischief.

The graver question turns on the state of mind of the German masses. Here again, Mr. Churchill gave no sign of recognising their importance or even their existence. But the evidence grows from day to day that Hitler now relies solely on terror to keep the German masses working and fighting. The terror is of two kinds. The hangman is now so busy on the Home Front that a sober and well-informed Swedish newspaper estimates that executions now average fifty daily. The reason for this slaughter is said to be that the gaols and concentration camps are so crowded that their population must be drastically reduced. There is no longer time to kill them off in the usual Nazi way by slow torture. A careful reckoning shows that within the Reich, without including the ordinary police, 900,000 armed experts in repression, S.A., Gestapo, and S.S., are required to hold the people down. The inference is that Hitler rules and commands without the people's consent. Outside the ranks of the Nazi Party he can have little trustworthy support. The next step in the argument is to ask whether any active revolt is conceivable, and if so, under what circumstances it could succeed. It could begin only in the army: Himmler's Pretorian guard must first be defeated. The support which prisoners of war in Russia gave to the Free German manifesto was not at first impressive. It was signed by a number of officers, among them a great-grandson of Bismarck, but none of them was of senior rank. Now three generals captured at Stalingrad have issued an appeal to the army in support of it. That would be startling in any army: coming from this disciplined Junker Caste it is a portent.

Dare we hope for more? That depends on the working of the other terror on which Hitler and Goebbels rely. They answer every inclination of revolt, with the argument that the United Nations are preparing for Germany a fate so unendurable that it is better to die in the last